

THE LITERARY GAZETTE, OR Journal of Belles Lettres, Politics and Fashion.

NO. XVII.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1817.

PRICE 1s.

PROGRESS OF THE ARTS.

MR. MENKE, of Berlin, who has been employed in making models for the porcelain manufactory, has discovered, it is said, the process of converting mahogany saw-dust into a soft paste, which becomes hard and solid by exposure to the atmosphere, and is susceptible of receiving and preserving the forms given to marble, to wood, or to bronze. This substance takes the most beautiful gilding as well as the colour of bronze. The product of this manufactory are candelabras, lustres, lamps, vases, statues, and ornaments for all kinds of furniture. These objects rival in elegance the most beautiful works in bronze, and cost only the eighth part of the price.

POLITE LITERATURE.

SIR.—In the 14th Number of your LITERARY GAZETTE, I could not help noticing the contemptuous treatment which your Correspondent, in the article on Modern Poets, bestows upon Messrs. Coleridge and Wordsworth, assigning it as their portion of the national epic which he proposes should be undertaken by the poetical brotherhood, to describe the unsophisticated death of an aid-de-camp's horse. He might have spared himself the trouble of this recommendation, Lord Byron having already undertaken the task, and performed it with his usual ability.

"The war-horse masterless lies on the earth;
And that last gasp hath burst his bloody girth."

LARA.

Your Correspondent H. T., who, in your succeeding Number, has come forward in behalf of Coleridge, endeavours to show, that he who has strung his lyre at the obsequies of an Empress, ought not to have a contemptible station among the bards of Waterloo. As a contrast to the quotation this Correspondent has given, another, on the death of an infant, might be added from the same author, that is well worthy of a place in our memories:

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to Heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.

We need not enter further into the defence of Coleridge; and if your Correspondent had done equal justice to the other poet of the Lakes, I should not have trespassed on your pages with any observations of mine. But I am truly astonished at the degrading estimate he has formed of the genius of Wordsworth; particularly, as the aspersions he uses seem to me to be antithetically the very

reverse of Wordsworth's true poetical character. In repelling these aspersions, I will first beg leave to quote from an author, whose opinion will probably be received with more deference by H. T. than that of an anonymous correspondent. Coleridge, in the 2d edition of his Poems, published in 1797, borrowing an epithet from Wordsworth, subjoins a note on the passage, in which he declares this Poet to be "unrivalled among the writers of the present day, for *manly* sentiment, novel imagery, and vivid colouring." And in an early number of his publication, "The Friend," disclaiming for himself his right to the appellation of poet, he avows his conviction that the true mantle of inspiration rests upon Wordsworth: and concerning one of this author's poems, his own muse breaks out in the following exclamations:

"An orphic tale;
A tale indeed of high and passionate thoughts,
To their own music chaunted."

Neither does Coleridge think the *prosing* of his friend such *inane* stuff as H. T. apprehends it to be; for, speaking of his pamphlet concerning the convention of Cintra, he tells us, that in reading it he seemed to hear thunder and not words, so powerfully did the writer affect him. I may here take leave of your correspondent H. T., recommending him in the next edition of his strictures, to substitute nourishing beef-soup in place of his gruel without salt; and in like manner let him exchange the other disparaging terms he has used for their converse, which will be much nearer the truth: but, for the sake of others, who may not so much wonder at the junction of the names of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and who may imagine that intimate friends are not the best qualified to sit in judgment on each other's works, I wish you, Mr. Editor, to suffer me to let Wordsworth answer for himself as to his poetical qualifications, by a few quotations from his works.

Amidst the profusion of beautiful passages that rush upon my mind, it is difficult to choose; and I shall therefore bring forward the following lines, not as the best, but because I judge them most likely to put to shame, him who has deemed Wordsworth unqualified to sympathise with any thing better than a horse. The lines here quoted represent the situation and feelings of a person, who, at short intervals, has been bereaved

of his two children, and, lastly, by occasion of grief for their loss, of his wife.

"What followed cannot be reviewed in thought;
Much less retraced in words. If ahe of life
Blameless; so intimate with love and joy,
And all the tender motions of the soul,
Had been supplanted, could I hope to stand?
Infirm, dependent, and now destitute!
I called on dreams and visions, to disclose
That which is veiled from waking thought; con-
jured

Eternity, as men constrain a ghost
To appear and answer; to the grave I spake
Imploringly;—looked up, and asked the Heavens
If angels traversed their cerulean floors,
If fixed or wandering star could tidings yield
Of the departed spirit—what abode
It occupies—what consciousness retains
Of former loves and interests. Then my soul
Turned inward,—to examine of what stuff
Time's setters are composed; and life was put
To inquisition, long and profitless!
By pain of heart—now checked—and now im-
pell'd—

The intellectual power, through words and
things,
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!
And from those transports, and these toils ab-
struse,
Some trace am I enabled to retain
Of time, else lost;—existing unto me
Only by records in myself not found."

It is a trite observation, that this kind of grief can only be healed by lapse of time; and Wordsworth, in another of his poems, has occasion to express this sentiment; but with what gracefulness of poetic drapery he clothes it, the following apostrophe will show:

Thou Spirit, whose angelic hand
Was to the harp a strong command,
Called the submissive strings to wake
In glory for this Maiden's sake,
Say, Spirit! whither hath she fled
To hide her poor afflicted head?
What mighty forest in its gloom
Enfolds her?—is a rifted tomb
Within the wilderness her seat?
Some island which the wild waves beat,
Is that the sufferer's last retreat?
Or some aspiring rock that shrouds
Its perilous front in mists and clouds?
High-climbing rock—deep sunless dale—
Sea—desert—what do these avail?
Oh, take her anguish and her fears
Into a calm recess of years!

Let me now apply more immediately to the subject suggested by your critical correspondent in the 14th Number, to whose attentive consideration I would recommend the following Sonnet of Wordsworth's, occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo.

The Bard, whose soul is meek as dawning day,
Yet trained to judgments righteously severe;
Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear;
As recognizing one Almighty sway

He whose experienced eye can pierce the array

Of past events,—to whom, in vision clear,
The aspiring heads of future things appear,
Like mountain-tops, whence mists have rolled
away :

“ Assailed from all incumbrance of our time,”
He only, if such breathe, in strains devout
Shall comprehend this victory sublime;
And worthily rehearse the hideous rout,
Which the blest Angels, from their peaceful
clime

Beholding, welcomed with a choral shout.

The sublime simile borrowed from a mountainous region, must strike every imagination that is capable of soaring above an ant-hill, and the spirit in which the Sonnet concludes, is finely in unison with the ideal character which the poet has sought to embody. I may here remark, that the voice of a multitude must always vibrate with a powerful effect upon the soul of him that hears it; but to produce something of this effect upon him that does not hear it, lies only in the reach of the genuine poet. Homer is truly sublime in his description of the shout of the Greek and Trojan armies :

“ Up went the double roar
Into the heights ethereal, and among the beams
Of Jove.” *Cooper's Translation.*

In the translation of this passage by Pope, it is spoiled by his imitation of a still finer description that occurs in the *Paradise Lost*. I must hasten to a conclusion. The verses that have been given are sufficient vouchers for the poetical dignity of Wordsworth. I cannot further indulge myself by quoting his exquisitely fine personification of the French revolutionary Government; I cannot dwell on the masterly style in which he exhibits Winter throwing his net over the army of Napoleon; nor can I enter upon a bare enumeration of the numberless beauties of thought and diction displayed by this truly original poet; having already trespassed upon your columns beyond the due limit. But suffer me as I retire from this discussion, to conclude with a few lines extracted from his Invocation to Earth, when, alluding to the havoc of war, he says,

“ The heavens are thronged with martyrs
that have risen
From out thy noisome prison;
The penal caverns groan
With tens of thousands rent from off the tree
Of hopeful life,—by Battle's whirlwind blown

Into the deserts of eternity.
Not Ossian, with his thousand ghosts
Shrinking on the hollow wind, is more
wesfully sublime.

I am, Sir, &c. J. E.

Derby, May 10, 1817.

IMPROVED MELO-DRAME.
Sir,—I am induced to trouble you with a few remarks, which, if they meet the eye of those more immediately concerned in catering for the public taste, may possibly be turned into utility.

Much has been said, and written, pro and

con, relating to the mixture of tragedy and comedy. That the mixture is not at variance with nature, every day's experience shews; that it is, to a certain extent, congenial with the theatrical taste of the English, is abundantly evinced by its success. Shakespeare, and others, amongst our old writers, and the younger Colman, of the moderns, were never more warmly patronised, than when they rested their claims on the combined exertions of the sock and buskin. Legitimate tragedy, indeed, ought not to be debased with the petty intrigues and commonplace occurrences of every-day life; nor should comedy, that “ mirror of nature,” ever be suffered to degenerate into the broad caricature of farce. Very slight pretensions to taste, or judgment, would be allowed to the painter, who, in exhibiting the fall of a tyrant, or the apotheosis of a hero—the punishment of a traitor, or a sacrifice to the gods—should allow the back ground of his picture to be occupied by a display of low buffoonery, or incongruous passion. Yet the artist, without violating the fastidiousness of taste, may, under different circumstances, blend the serious with the comic; may, by judiciously blending them, produce the happiest effect. In contemplating such compositions, our feelings, instead of being shocked, are soothed, and tranquillized, and delighted. We feel ourselves irresistibly drawn from the cares and anxieties of the world, to repose in peace upon the luxuriant bosom of nature.

Between the dramatic and the pictorial arts, the closest analogy subsists. It is the duty of the dramatist, as of the painter, so to select, to group, and to contrast his objects, that a harmonious whole may be produced.—Under considerations such as these, I have long experienced a predilection for those minor pieces of the English stage, by which the mind, never too violently agitated, is permitted alternately to pass

“ From grave to gay, from lively to severe.”
Holcroft, I believe, claimed, and was entitled to, the credit of having first transplanted that variety of dramatic literature, entitled “ Melo-drame,” from France to England. As “ wits jump,” however, a literary friend of mine, several years before Holcroft's first Melo-drame appeared, minutely described to me the nature of the entertainment, declaring that, were he the manager of a theatre, he would immediately make trial of its success. The event fully justified his and Holcroft's expectations; for, since its first appearance amongst us, it has been cherished as a favorite of no mean pretensions.

Inferior as were the scenic decorations and general mode of management, of the English stage, two or three centuries ago, much of improvement, in various respects, has been, and yet may be, derived from our dramatic writers of those periods. By the perusal of “ The Mayor of Quinborough,” founded on the monkish history of the British king Vortiger, by Middleton, one of the contemporaries of Massinger, &c. I was recently much struck with what I conceive may be adopted, under certain modifications, as a material improvement in Melo-drame. The piece commences, as some of

your dramatic readers may probably recollect, by the entrance of Raynulph the Monk of Chester, who compiled the *Polychronicon*. After the delivery of sixteen or eighteen lines, which serve the office of a prologue, he retires; shouts are heard; and Vortiger enters. From what follows, we learn that his aspirations to royalty, have, for the present, been frustrated by the determination of the people to have Constantius, the eldest son of Constantine, for their King. Constantius, who had retired to a monastery, is with difficulty compelled to accept the crown. Persisting in his ambitious views, Vortiger, under the mask of loyalty, attaches himself to the King.—Thus far has the serious part of the action proceeded, when we are presented with a scene, described as follows:—“ Dumb show. Fortune discovered; in her hand a round ball full of lots; then enter Hengist and Horsus, with others: they draw lots; and having opened them, all depart save Hengist and Horsus, who kneel and embrace: then enter Roxena, seeming to take leave of Hengist in great passion, but more especially and warily of Horsus, her lover; she departs one way, Hengist and Horsus another.”

Our old friend Raynulph again appears, and thus elucidates the story:—
“ When Germany was overgrown
With some of peace, too thickly sown,
Several guides were chosen then
By destin'd lots, to lead out men;
And they whom fortune here withstands,
Must prove their fates in other lands.
On these two captains fell the lot;
But that which must not be forgot,
Was Roxena's cunning grief;
Who from her father [Hengist] like a thief,
Hid her best and truest tears,
Which her lustful lover [Horsus] wears,
In many a stol'n and wary kiss
Unseen of father: maids do this,
Yet highly seem to be call'd strumpets too;
But what they lack of 't I'll be judg'd by you.”

Castiza, betrothed to Vortiger, is induced by the pious Constantius to prefer a life of virginity, and to retire to the cloister. Vortiger pursues his machinations; and, by the following scene, in “ Dumb shew,” soon after the commencement of the second act, the story makes a rapid progress:—

“ Enter two villains, to them Vortiger, who seems to solicit them with gold, then swears them, and exit. Enter Constantius meditating, they rudely strike down his book, draw their swords, he kneels and spreads his arms, they kill him, hurry him off. Enter Vortiger, Devonshire, Stafford, [British lords] in conference; to them the villains presenting the head, he seems sorrowful, and in rage stabs them both. Then they crown Vortiger, and fetch in Castiza, who comes unwillingly; he hales her, and they crown her; Aurelius and Uthes, brothers of Constantius, seeing him crowned, draw and fly.”

Raynulph again enters, explains, and exit. Vortiger appears, crowned; Hengist, Horsus, and Roxena, with their Saxons, arrive; and Vortiger falls in love with Roxena. In the third act, Vortiger, in conjunction with his supposed friend, Horsus, with the view of obtaining Roxena, plans and commits a rape upon his own wife, Castiza, whom he

afterwards publicly disgraces, and marries Roxena. In the fourth act, the Saxons having gained an ascendancy in the kingdom, the Britons raise Vortimer, the son of Vortiger by Castiza, to the throne. This is represented by another scene, in "Dumb shew," as follows:—

"Enter Lupus, Germanus, [Monks] Devonshire, and Stafford, leading Vortimer, and crown him: Vortimer comes to them in passion: they neglect him. Enter Roxena in fury, expressing discontent; then they lead out Vortimer. Roxena gives two villains gold to murder him: they swear performance, and go with her. Vortimer offers to run on his sword; Horsus prevents him, and persuades him. The Lords bring in Vortimer dead: Vortimer mourns, and submits to them: they swear him, and crown him. Then enters Hengist with Saxons: Vortimer draws, threatens expulsion, and then sends a parley; which Hengist seems to grant by laying down his weapons; so all depart severally."

Raynulph once more enters; the massacre of the Britons on Salisbury plain succeeds; and, in the fifth act, poetical justice is executed on the respective parties.

I have thus slightly sketched the serious part of the plot, and transcribed the scenes of dumb shew; not for the purpose of recommending the piece itself, but to enable the reader to judge of the effect which, in judicious hands, might be produced by the introduction of such agency in Melo-drama.

I should by no means advise the retention of such a character as Raynulph; for, by a happy choice of story and of incident, and by greater explicitness in the dumb shew, verbal explanation would be quite unnecessary. A pageant, for instance, might receive all due elucidation from the respective interlocutors of the drama. Generally, the dumb shew might tell its own story with sufficient clearness. A dream, a vision, a scene of enchantment, might be very successfully managed by the machinist and the scene-painter. The Castle Spectre, in Lewis's speaking pantomime of that title; the Genius, in Aladdin; and the Ghosts, as they are now represented in Richard the Third, all beautiful specimens of the scenic art—are so many interesting proofs of the effect of which such exhibitions are capable.

By thus availing himself of the aid of dumb shew, the dramatist would frequently be enabled to overcome the difficulty of preserving the unities; he would no longer be under the necessity of resorting to the clumsy expedient of a chorus, or a dull story, told by old time, without offering violence to our feelings, or impairing the fiction of the scene, it would be his envied province to transport us from place to place, and, in the period of two short hours, he might, if requisite, pourtray in an unbroken series, the stupendous events of many a long and lingering year. I am, &c. H. T.

in the *Sunday Journal*, called "THE EXAMINER."

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—I deem it necessary, for the sake of connection, to commence this letter with one of the extracts from the Round Table, inserted in my last. It is that in which the writer, after having misrepresented and blackened the whole mass of the English country people, as a brutal, envious multitude, living in hatred of each other, proceeds to defame the men and women of England altogether, in the following sentence.—"He" (that is, *John Bull*, under which name the moralist designates his countrymen)—"boasts of the excellence of his laws and the goodness of his own disposition; and yet there are more people hanged in England than in all Europe besides; he boasts of the modesty of his countrywomen—and yet there are more prostitutes in the streets of London than in all the capitals of Europe." This execrable calumny, which indirectly vilifies the men of England as the most dishonest, base, and bloody-minded people in Europe; and, by palpable inference, would brand the women of England as the most immodest and depraved women in Christendom, is not confined, altogether, to the above passage. So far as it relates to the defenceless sex, it is again insinuated in a varied form. I shall give this moralist's own words, in which he uses the plural for himself and his fellow preachers of the Round Table, in the following memorable passage.—"In like manner, if any one complains of not succeeding in AFFAIRS OF GALLANTRY, we will venture to say it is because he is not gallant. He has mistaken his talent, that's all." (p. 116. vol. i.) This is pithy and to the point, indeed!—So then when we were impressed with a sense of female purity, innocence and innate modesty, we were as *mistaken* as the complaining gallant, in this Round Table supposition. We may, however, quote their "illustrious predecessors," *Addison and Steele*, as having fallen into a similar *mistake* with us. These *Sunday Lecturers*, in effect, ridicule the notion of innate modesty or female purity; and stimulate their pupils to enterprise. They tell them, indirectly, but most intelligibly, in substance, though in other words—Gentlemen, do not fall into a *mistake*: lay aside your *mauvaise honne*, "in affairs of gallantry." Your good or bad success, and female virtue itself, are altogether mere contingencies, dependent upon your own impudence or forbearance. There is no obstacle unless your own awkwardness or irresolution create one—"that's all." The scholar must be dull, indeed, who would not improve under such experienced instructors.

If we were to credit these veterans in Round-Table gallantry, the chastity of women, and of English women in particular, is not a virtue of their own free choice; nor is their modesty a constancy of mind, founded in moral and religious principles; but an irksome temporary result, occasioned by the stupid backwardness of their suitors. Let their demeanour be ever so reserved and pure, we are to presume that their inclinations are otherwise. It is generally supposed that men form their opinions of human nature

from the knowledge which they have acquired in their own circle and country. The world must, therefore, suppose that these Round Table teachers, being natives of England and resident in this country, have derived their profound knowledge of the sex from *English women*, and that they are only giving a just picture of what they conceive to be "*our gross Island Manners*." (p. 215. vol. ii.) It is the ladies of this part of the kingdom, formerly called *South Britain*, whose fame is involved in this abominable slander. These infamous imputations are more unmanly and cruel, because woman is defenceless, and well may she exclaim, with Shakespeare,

"—— He who robs me of my good name, Robs me of that, which nought enriches him; And leaves me poor indeed!"

If to take away the reputation of one innocent woman, be deemed an irreparable offence, what must we think of a man, who, not with his tongue, in a moment of wine or passion; but sitting down coldly and deliberately in his closet, as a moral instructor of youth, dip his pen in the inkstand, and writes a slander upon the whole of his countrywomen? The above extracts, with these in my preceding letter, form a striking contrast to the following declaration which these professed imitators of the *Spectators* and *Tatlers* set forth in the nineteenth page of their *introduction to the Round Table*.—"In short, to recommend an independent simplicity in manners, a love of nature in taste, and truth, generosity, and self-knowledge in morals, will be the object, dining or fasting, with blade in hand, or with pen, of the Knights of the Round Table."—This, however, is one of those offences against society, which draw down a slow but sure punishment on the offender. Every modest woman well knows that she must give currency to the worst opinion of her discretion or intention, by continuing to visit or receive the visits of any man, who has, publicly, insinuated or expressed through the medium of the press, a loose opinion of female virtue. The depraved fop, himself, would be encouraged to harbour the most injurious notions; and her charitable neighbours know not what to think. The folly of uttering or publishing such heinous imputations, is only to be equalled by their falsehood; for the author must be egregiously duped by his own vanity, if he does not know that he is, thereby, gradually excluding himself from respectable society.

In what unfortunate circle of English women these experienced instructors in "affairs of gallantry," have picked up this vile opinion of their countrywomen, they best know; but the depraved coxcomb, who penned that passage, tells us that "our strength lies in our weakness, our virtues are built on our vices." (p. 110. vol. ii.) So that we must lay in a plentiful foundation of vice before we can aspire to be the architects of our own virtue! A profligate, by the time that he has robbed and ruined his benefactors, spent his fortune at the gaming-table, seduced his friend's wife, and beggared and deserted his own, must have laid a famous foundation for building a superstructure of sanctity; and may then, indeed, have some

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE ROUND TABLE.

A Collection of Essays on Literature, Men and Manners, in 2 Vols, originally published

reasonable hope of being ranked as an apostle in the Round Table calendar!

The sage preceptor's school may be guessed at, for he extols Rousseau; devotes eleven pages of his moral essays to him; and writes in rapturous terms of his *confessions*, which he terms "the best," although it is the most abominable and disgusting of all his works.—"There are no passages in the *New Eloise* of equal force and beauty with the *best descriptions* in the *Confessions*, if we except the excursion on the water, Julia's last letter to St. Preux and his letter to her, recalling the days of their first loves. We spent two whole years in reading these two works; and (gentle Reader, it was when we were young) in shedding tears over them."—(v. 2. p. 51.) With Rousseau and his pupils the *gratification of the passions* was the *religion of nature*; and we need not be much surprised when his Round-Table disciples tell us—"We hate the doctrine of *utility* even in a philosopher, and much more in a poet; for the *ONLY REAL UTILITY* is that which leads to *ENJOYMENT*; and the end is, in all cases, *better than the means*." (v. 1. p. 121.) This pretty broad lesson in favor of "enjoyment,"—"Epicurean agere, et sumnum bonum, omnem felicitatem in voluptatem, ponere"—is only a repetition, under another form, of their great maxim above mentioned, that "our *virtues* are built on our *vices*"—that "*vanity* and *luxury* are the *civilizers of the world* and the *sweatners of human life*"—and, in substance, although in other words, that the introduction of *play-houses*, *circulating libraries*, and "*courtesans*," are necessary to civilize and reconcile our English country people to "enjoyments," which they are now "*averse to*."—The sum of this precious rule of conduct, is delivered by the Round-Table oracle, in an authoritative tone of philosophical originality, as if the tenet, that the enjoyment of pleasure is the chief good of man, were not a *novelty above two thousand years old*. Of its evil effect on private morals, Cicero, in his orations, has furnished a memorable instance in that of the Ex-Consul, *L. Calpurnius Piso*, and *Philodemus*, the Epicurean philosopher. Although the latter was supposed to have inculcated the dogma as if restricted to *intellectual pleasure*, yet the Ex-Consul, his pupil, construed it in its general import, and "gave a loose to every *sensual appetite*"—until his example and influence over the philosopher, his preceptor, "plunged him likewise into the *filth and mire of that intemperate brute*."—The austere simplicity of Rome was corrupted by this pernicious principle, which, wherever it was disseminated, destroyed the public morals. When its influence was discussed in the Roman Senate, *Fabrius* was so convinced of its baneful tendency, that he declared the doctrine to be incompatible with a sense of private obligation and public virtue; and prayed the gods to make all the enemies of the republic, converts to it. As a good sign over an inn door is no security for good fare within, so some of the best titles of the Round-Table papers unfortunately introduce us to very opposite principles. We find this mode of civilization, by the

pleasures of the senses, again gravely inculcated, under the pretext of discussing the moral character of literary men; and the grossness produced by excessive refinement—"Opposite reasons and consequences balance one another while *appetite* or *interest* turns the scale. Hence the severe sarcasm of Rousseau, *Tout homme反射chi est mechanc*! In fact it must be confessed that, as all things produce their extremes, so excessive refinement tends to produce equal grossness. The *tensity* of our *intellectual desires* leaves a void in the mind, which *REQUIRES to be filled up by COARSER GRATIFICATION*, and *THAT OF THE SENSES IS ALWAYS AT HAND*. They *ALWAYS RETAIN THEIR STRENGTH*. There is *NOT A GREATER MISTAKE* than the common supposition, that *INTELLECTUAL PLEASURES* are *capable of endless repetition* and *PHYSICAL ONES* *not so*. The one, indeed, may be spread over a greater surface, they may be dwelt upon and kept in mind at will, and for that very reason *they wear out and pall by comparison*, and require perpetual variety. Whereas the *physical gratification* *only occupies us at the moment*, is, as it were, absorbed in itself, and *forgotten as soon as it is over*, and *when it returns is AS GOOD AS NEW*." (p. 198. v. 2.)

The pure and sublime spirit of Christianity exalts man, by teaching him to subdue his passions; and limit his gratifications. The Round Table morality, in opposition to Christianity and self-denial, teaches self-indulgence, a doctrine more agreeable to the passions. Nothing but the painful duty of exposing their pernicious principles, and indiscriminate attacks upon the reputation of individuals and whole bodies of their fellow subjects, could have overcome our repugnance to sully our paper with some of the preceding extracts. It was necessary that the public should be warned, not merely by an indignant condemnation *without proof*, but by such unanswerable proofs, as would convince the people of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the women every where, that the principles of these incorrigible and shameless foplings are, altogether, depraved and irreligious; and that, the two volumes of the Round Table merit to be banished from our Sunday breakfast tables, and burned by the hands of the common executioner. We have often heard it asserted, that no Englishman, however sceptical and deserted by a sense of decency, or sunk in the mire of animal grossness, could have the effrontery and self-abandonment, to place, in public view, the "*physical gratifications*," in the same scale with the *intellectual*. Yet the Round-Table *moralists*, masked as followers of the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, on the day set apart for religious exercises, in teaching the British youth of both sexes, what to do and what to avoid, give the *physical gratifications*, that is the *sensual pleasures*, the preference, as having the recommendation of perpetual novelty; or as being, in their very delicate phraseology, "*always at hand*," and "*always as good as new*." Their immorality, indecency, bad taste, shallow thinking, unmanly defamation of their countrywomen, and disgusting Rag-fair language, are equally revolting.

It is an extraordinary fact that these honest sympathizers "with the infirmities of our species," who, in their introduction have occupied a main portion of nearly nineteen pages, with compliments to themselves; and who, in their two volumes, have not ventured to bestow even a cold and scanty praise upon much more than a dozen living individuals, have deliberately labored to degrade the genius of the British School, to foment pernicious prejudices and exasperate national divisions among their fellow subjects, by giving as vile a character of the people of *Scotland* and *Ireland*, as of the English people. There is, however, this difference in favor of the *Scotch* and *Irish* women, that the Round-Table philosophers, in their "*chivalrous eloquence*," have attempted to fasten the charge of pre-eminent immorality and depravity upon their countrywomen, the women of England, alone!

The Round Table is not only an outrageous libel on the good sense and character of this country; but altogether bottomed in false taste, false principles, and a wilful misrepresentation of their fellow subjects; or an utter ignorance of human nature. This crime against truth, justice, decency, female honor, manliness, public liberty, morals and religion, is of a deeper die, because it was committed in their assumed character of imitators of the *Spectator* and *Tatler*; and in flagrant violation of the duty of public instruction, which the Round-Table moralists had voluntarily undertaken. As their sneering assertion that John Bull "requires a hundred years of slavery," and their excitements of provincial and national prejudices between their fellow subjects in England, Ireland, and Scotland, have a direct tendency to foment the most fatal divisions and endanger public liberty; so their defamation of English women is calculated to injure public morals, and accelerate the growth of depravity. The infirmity of human nature, which creates a necessity for defensive and protective laws, too often leads weak and bad men to invade the rights of others where they know, or are taught to believe, that *no resistance will be opposed to their attempts*, and *no punishment follow*. The man, who wants courage, and the nation which is unwarlike, are sure to be insulted and attacked. By the same course of cause and effect, the woman, who is represented to be without principle; and the female society to be depraved in mind, are, thereby, surely exposed to licentious insults and dishonorable solicitation. Besides these dangerous results, the Round Table picture of female corruption may impress upon very young or incautious women, a false opinion that virtue in their sex is not a reality, but an outward show; that the adherence of a wife or daughter to the dictates of conscience and religion, is a *singularity or deviation*; and that a politic and covert abandonment of duty and honor, is no more than a fashionable compliance with a general system. Vice could not have chosen more expert preachers than the Round-Table preceptors; for there is no more speedy mode of corrupting men than that of representing

women as willing to be corrupted. *Shakespeare* has finely expressed this moral sympathy between the sexes:

"When the women of Rome were lusty, the men were heroes."

and when, at a later period, the women of Rome were willingly corrupted, the men were willingly enslaved. With the private errors or frailties of individuals we have no intention to interfere. But this is not a depravity flowing from an ebullition of ungovernable passions, which we may in private condemn with a degree of pity for the offender. It is a crime against public morals, a defamation of that sex, whose helpless innocence and loveliness more peculiarly claim our protection. It is committed deliberately and coolly in the closet, without natural temptation or provocation of the passions, by a public instructor, whose peculiar duty it was to have been the guardian of public morality, not its corrupter; the defender and vindicator of his countrywomen, not their calumniator. We can have no pity for a writer, who has shewed no respect for the character or feelings of others: who has employed his mischievous brain as a gratuitous pander to the bad passions and vices of the million; to taint the minds of the unsuspecting, and under the mask of philanthropy, scatter the seeds of a moral contagion through his native country.

A NEW EXAMINER.

NARRATIVE OF A RESIDENCE IN IRELAND, during the Summer of 1814, and that of 1815. By ANNE PLUMPTRE, 4to. plates.

During the late war, while the continent was shut to English travellers, such of our gentry as were biest with time, money, and roving dispositions, had recourse to Ireland, as the only resource against the tedium of staying at home. They, therefore, took what they called a tour of that country, or in other words, they posted, full speed, through its principal roads, saw the Giant's Causeway, and the Lake of Killarney, quizzed the natives, and brought back a few puns and blunders, for the amusement of their friends after dinner; but not serious information for the benefit of the public at large. It was immediately on the peace of 1814, and while the whole English world was flocking to Paris, that Miss Plumptre undertook that journey which forms the subject of the present volume.

The route she chose, is certainly the most interesting that Ireland affords. Having landed at Dublin, and seen all the curiosities of the capital, which, (unless a traveller be as fortunate as herself in the species of acquaintance he may happen to meet there) might appear scarcely worth examining further than its streets and buildings, she proceeded to Belfast. From thence, of course, she visited the Giant's Causeway. Her description of this extraordinary phenomenon is, we think, the most pleasing and picturesque we have anywhere read. And, indeed, we must do her the justice to say, that she excels most other tourists in her powers of delineating external nature, and in throwing a romantic tinge over her landscapes. This is ever the characteristic of the female

pen, as well as of the female tongue. From such a pen, therefore, we must not expect scientific research, or political acumen. Of the former, those statistical surveys of countries which have, of late years, been made with great success in Ireland, give us almost all that we can desire; and of the latter, we fancy we have more than enough, both from those sturdy statesmen who represent that country as amazingly free and fortunate, and from those soul-sick patriots who whine her sorrows in florid pamphlets or in tame octavos. These are not themes which we wish lady-tourists to discuss; and we are happy that Miss Plumptre has almost entirely avoided them.

After returning to this country, our traveller determined on another excursion to the Emerald Isle; and as she had hitherto seen only the northern part, to explore the southern, and visit the renowned lake. Of this unparalleled spot, she gives a most animated account; and we regret that our limits will not allow us to make extracts sufficient to satisfy the reader.

On the whole, we were much pleased with the perusal of this "Residence" in Ireland; though, we think that "Trip" would better have coincided with the time Miss Plumptre spent there, and with the species of information her book affords us. Had she indeed resided there for any length of time, we should have expected rather a more profound view of the morals, manners, and genius of the people, than we can now gather from her pages. At the same time, she has shown herself, considering the short periods of her sojourn, an industrious and discriminating mirror.

Some errors in the names of places and of persons occur now and then. But, in general, the information is drawn from authentic sources; and we heartily wish, that this agreeable volume may be the means of inducing our countrymen to visit an island, which they are, for the most part, utterly unacquainted with: yet from which England fills one third of her granary with corn, half her fleets with provisions, and a great part of her army with soldiers.

A pamphlet of 134 pp. 8vo. has just been published at Munich, under the following title: "Remarks on the Forests, and the Alps of the Highlands of Berne, by Charles Kasthofer, of Berne, High-forester." This little work is of the highest interest and importance to all who desire to obtain a knowledge of the Swiss mountains and their inhabitants, and particularly towards forming a judgment of their rural economy.

The author speaks of his object as follows: "The mountainous districts called the Oberland, are threatened with a very serious crisis at no very distant period. The partition of estates has kept pace with the disproportionately increased population, so that in the next generation, few estates will be large enough to feed and clothe their possessors, and in fact a disproportion has arisen between the produce of the country and its consumption, which is the more in want of a remedy, as no kind of manufacturing indus-

try compensates for it. If the excess of population be not carried off by some other means than the unhappy resource of foreign military service; if the public spirit of the peasant be not aroused, and a knowledge of husbandry spread in the valleys; if a stop be not put to the continued subdivision of the estates—the first consequence, and now also a cause of the ruinous increase of population: forest ordinances will avail as little towards saving the Alpine forests, as ordinances respecting morals towards the preservation of morality."—The author admirably explains the vast importance of the forests to the Alpine countries, not in an economical, but also in a physical, view. The decrease and diminution of the forests is shown by a series of observations, and the author speaks also (probably too hastily) of a continued depression of the limits of vegetation. This very plausible hypothesis, which has lately been defended by men of high respectability, of a progressive sinking of the line of snow on the Alpine hills, seems to be rather weakened than confirmed by Mr. Kasthofer's observations.—"The climate of the Oberland requires a great consumption of wood for fuel; it has grown into the most thoughtless waste, and no arts, either for saving wood or turning heat to more account, have found their way into the Alpine valleys; yet Count Rumford's discoveries would more effectually preserve the forests from destruction, than all the high-foresters' treatises on the woods, and forest ordinances, in the whole world."

JUANNA ET TIRANNA, OU LAQUELLE EST MA FEMME?

The adventures which form the subject of the work before us, are said to have happened to an English Officer, and may justly be considered romantic, even in a romance. It will be unnecessary to inform our readers, that Spain is a warm climate; but he who says that the promenade is "the first of insipid pleasures," has surely no idea of those delicious evenings, spent in gardens under the serenest sky in Europe. It is customary for the elegant society of Madrid to resort to the *Buen-Retiro*, which is distinguished from the *Prado* by its elevated position and the smiling landscapes with which it is surrounded. The rich young Baronet, Sir Charles Lister, was one evening walking on this delightful spot, when an old woman came up to him and slipped a letter into his hand. The mysteries assumed by Spanish gallantry are universally known; a veil more or less drawn over the face, a mantle wrapped round the figure, or negligently thrown back, a flower placed on the right or the left side of the bosom, indicate a disposition more or less favourable to the object beloved. In the letter written to the young Englishman, he was requested to observe a lady wearing in her hair a garland of juncus, and if he felt a wish to see her again to appear at the *Buen-Retiro* on the following day.

The lady seemed exquisitely beautiful: Lister did not fail to proceed to the place of rendezvous; the *Duenna* was likewise punctual; she conducted the young gentleman to a superb carriage, tied a handkerchief over his eyes, and drove off to a magnificent house in one of the principal streets of Madrid. Here the handkerchief was taken from his eyes, he was led through a suite of apartments fitted up in a style of equal splendour and magnificence, and was requested to wait for a few moments. Judge of his impatience! his eyes were riveted to the door of

the apartment; his exalted imagination painted in glowing colours all the charms of the beauty whom he had seen only for an instant. The door was at length opened, but instead of the charming woman he expected, he beheld a venerable ecclesiastic, who informed him, that if he wished to preserve the lady with the garland from the greatest of misfortunes, he must immediately consent to marry her. This proposal was somewhat unexpected, an ecclesiastic instead of a young beauty, a marriage instead of a first interview! these were indeed fit subjects for reflection; but who can reflect when in love, and at the age of twenty two? The young Baronet agreed to all that was proposed; he did not again see his bride until she stood on the steps of the altar; and the young couple were united together by the names of Lister and Joanna. The ceremony being at an end, the bride retired; the Duenna beckoned on Lister to follow her; and the invitation was quickly accepted. At the break of day, however, he was compelled to take leave of his wife, without being made acquainted either with her family name, or the urgent circumstances which had obliged her to conduct herself in so singular a way. What was still worse he saw the Duenna only once again, to be informed that insurmountable obstacles opposed a new meeting.

About this time, there was a tragic actress at Madrid, celebrated for her talent and her personal attractions: *Tiranna* was as accomplished as beautiful: it was however reported that she had accepted the protection of the Duke of O——; that she even commanded the fortune of that nobleman; but this connection was understood to be purely platonic. The Duke even carried his reserve so far as to refrain from visiting *Tiranna*, lest he should compromise her reputation: the protectors of our Melpomenes are not always so delicate. *Tiranna* amply exercised her right of being capricious. Her name was inserted in the bills; she gave her promise to the manager, and the public relied on her appearance; but all to no purpose: she took a pleasure in frustrating the hopes of her admirers. It was therefore with infinite difficulty that Lister obtained a sight of her; but what was his astonishment on beholding the shape, the graceful air, the bright eyes and dark tresses of his Joanna!

Lister was now convinced by the testimony of his eyes, that he had married an actress. This discovery, however, did not diminish his passion. He visited the theatre every night on which *Tiranna* performed; he even placed himself within her observation; but the expressive eyes of the fair actress never once granted him a look which seemed to say; *I see you, or I know you.*

Lister had been for several months in this singular situation, when he received a letter which obliged him to return to his native country. He was now under the necessity of departing without bidding adieu to his wife: he however inserted an advertisement in the *Diario de Madrid*, mentioning his departure and the place of his residence in England; and he received an answer informing him that a correspondence might in future be carried on under the names of the gentleman in blue and the lady with the garland of Jasmin.

Some time after this, the commencement of the war occasioned the young Englishman to return to the Peninsula; he ranged himself with his countrymen under the banners of Lord Wellington. One day he had the good fortune to save the lives of some travellers who were on the point of being massacred. Among them were several women. Lister advanced and

beheld his Joanna who had fainted through alarm; his exclamations brought her to herself; but she had no sooner raised her eyes than she sought to conceal herself behind her companions. Lister was about to demand some explanation, when he heard the cry of *to arms!* After the conflict, neither Joanna nor her travelling companions were to be found where he had left them. In another expedition, chance conducted the poor officer to the neighbourhood of a convent of Nuns. The tolling of the bell announced that some one was about to take the habit; he obtained permission to be present at the ceremony. The novice appeared, she raised her veil: it was Joanna herself; Lister rushed forward and claims her as his wife. The novice on being questioned makes equivocal replies; Lister insists on the truth of his declaration; but on being desired by her to name the priest who celebrated the marriage, and the witnesses who were present, he remains mute and confounded.

He returned on the following day; but the Convent had been pillaged and the Nuns either dispersed or massacred; thus the poor Officer is once more deprived of his wife. On another occasion he saved the life of a lady whose husband had been killed in an action on the preceding day. The lady was indigested, and he did not therefore request permission to visit her; at length he saw her at a balcony, and recognised the features of Joanna; he set about making some inquiry respecting her, but the mysterious lady had already disappeared.

We pass over all the military details. It is however necessary to mention, that Lister being entrusted with the direction of some works before a besieged place, was suddenly assailed by the explosion of a mine. On recovering from the shock, he found that he was buried alive. He gave himself up for lost, when a woman came to his assistance. He turned to look at her, and beheld Joanna, but Joanna at length acknowledging her identity, and vowing never again to separate from the husband whom she adores. Lister's situation and his wounds render speedy assistance requisite; she hastens to the nearest village; but having fallen in with a party of the enemy she never returns. Lister himself is made prisoner and conveyed to Burgos. Our hero is not disheartened by this interminable string of difficulties. The reader however may possibly wish them at an end, and for this reason we hasten to the denouement of the story. Lister effects his escape. While wandering about the country, he again arrives at a convent; he enters the church; a pew opens and he discovers two Joannas kneeling side by side. The mystery is at length developed. Notwithstanding their perfect resemblance, Lister has no need to say *Which is my Wife?* the animated looks of Joanna sufficiently inform him. But, it will be asked, why this perfect resemblance? they must have been sisters? No, they were only cousins. One was the daughter and the other the niece of the Duke of O——.

An elopement, two violent passions, three secret marriages, and above all, the chances of war had given rise to all these mistakes.

POETRY. ODE ON A PROSPECT OF ALMACK'S ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

BY GENERAL FITZPATRICK.

Ye spacious rooms! ye folding doors!
Where grateful pleasure still adores
Her Almack's much loved taste!
Ye happy mansions! sweet resorts
Of Britain's matchless fair,
Where many a thoughtless Miss disports

A stranger yet to care;
I feel the gales that from ye come
Afford a soft and sweet perfume;
Say, Mr. Rose, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Obedient to thy violin,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to shine,
With pliant arms and pace divine?
The captive lover which enthrall?
How the coquette exerts her art
To win some Macason's heart,
Yet flirts in vain with all?
Some bold adventurers despise

The joys that home-bred Misses prize,
And unknown dances dare to try;
Still as they dance, they look behind,
Admiring crowds with pleasure find,
And snatch an envied joy!
Alas! regardless of their doom,
No grief their mind affects;
They neither dread old age to come,
Nor see their own defects.
Yet see! on every bench around
What numbers of them may be found,
Ridiculous unseemly sights!
Oh! tell them, that in spite of dress,
They still are preys to ugliness!
Oh! tell them they are frights!
Beauty in this begins to fade,
Here Nature's been uncivil,
And these the fell small pox has made
As ugly as the devil.

The endless nose, projecting chin,
The mouth from ear to ear,
The shape deform'd, the yellow skin,
Are all assembled here.
But lo! in charms of youthful bloom
A heavenly troop is seen,
Fair beauty's daughters deck the room
More lovely than their queen.
To each their joys, thro' different ways
To admiration prone;
The handsome pleas'd with others' praise,
The ugly with their own.
And wherefore should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And why destroy their paradise?
"No more—where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

On seeing Her Grace the DUCHESS of D^r VONSHIRE wearing a Plume of Feathers.

Written by DAVID GARRICK in 1776.

Wit's a feather, this we all admit,
But sure each feather in your cap is wit,
'Tis the best flight of genius to improve
The smiles of beauty, and the bliss of love;
Like beams around the sun your feathers shine,
And raise the splendor of your charms divine;
Such plumes, the worth of mighty conquerors' view,

For who can conquer hearts as well as you?
When on your head I see those fluttering things,
I think that love is there, and claps his wings:
Feathers help'd Jove to fan his amorous flame,
Cupid had feathers—Angels wear the same;
Since then from Heav'n their origin we trace,
Preserve the fashion—it becomes your Grace.

FINE ARTS.

A MODEL OF A TEMPLE OF VICTORY.
Designed by Mr. IRELAND, the Architect, has been for some time past, under the consideration of the Prince Regent, at Carlton House, and is now

transferred to the residence of the Artist, in Old Burlington Street. This classical and beautiful design is in part borrowed from the admired Pantheon at Rome. The approach to the Temple is by a flight of steps, at the ascent of which are two piers which serve for pedestals to two allegorical groups, of colossal size, in honour of the Hero of Waterloo. That to the right exhibits *Alexander taming the horse Bucephalus*: the die of this pedestal is inscribed: DOMITORI TYRANNI, and the base contains the names of Vimiera, Talavera, Busaco, Salamanca, Victoria, the Pyrenees, and Toulouse. On the left hand pier is seen *Hermes striking off the last head of the Hydra of Lerna*: the die of this pier is inscribed: VICTORI TYRANNI, and the single word WATERLOO is on the base.

At the top of the steps is the portico of the Temple, supported by six columns in front, and three in depth, all of the Corinthian order. The tympanum of the pediment exhibits *Britannia* triumphant. British warriors precede and follow her car, bearing French eagles, colours, and other spoils. On the summit of the pediment, *Victory* is exhibited, standing on a globe, with the wreath of Conquest in her hand. On her right stands *Mars*, and on her left, *Minerva*. The frieze contains the following inscription:—VICTORI WATERLOENSIS, PRINCIPES, SENATUS, POPULUSQUE F. F.

The Temple itself is of a circular form, 100 feet in diameter and 108 feet high: it is entirely lighted by *the eye*, or circular aperture in the centre of the cupola, in the same manner as the Pantheon is. A rich entablature, of the Corinthian order, surrounds the Temple, on the outside, which is supported by twenty-eight corresponding columns, in pairs; between every pair is a niche, containing a statue of one of our renowned Heroes of former times. Among these are seen, Alfred—Richard I—Edward I—The Black Prince—Henry V—William III—The Duke of Marlborough, &c.

On the entablature stand fourteen allegorical figures, emblematic of the virtues, attributes, arts, &c. of Britons, or their country.

In the centre of the Temple is placed a statue of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, crowned with laurel. He tramples on the French eagles, standards, &c. The Pedestal is supported at the four quoins by figures allegorically representing the four quarters of the world; the front contains an appropriate description, and the three other sides are ornamented with bas-reliefs.

At the upper end of the Temple, and facing the statue of the Prince Regent, under a lofty ornamented canopy stands that of the Hero of Waterloo, with a crown of laurel on his head, and a Marshal's baton in his hand. *Valour* and *Military Skill*, represented by *Mars* and *Minerva*, support his pedestal. Six other niches, at equal distances, round the Temple, contain statues intended to represent Lord Hill, the Marquis of Anglesea, Lieutenant General Ponsonby, Lieutenant General Picton, and other Officers who distinguished themselves in the field of Waterloo. In six smaller niches, and by means of busts and medallions properly arranged, a much greater number of Waterloo Heroes may be recorded in this National Monument.

REVIEW OF PICTURES IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 44. Portraits of the two Sons of — Pattison, Esq. by Sir T. LAWRENCE. These two lads are leading an ass to water. The boy on the off-side of the animal, holds the bridle, and is dressed in a coat of mellow crimson. His face is seen in a three quarter view. A fold of black silk is tied round his neck, which enriches the sparkling white, on the small portion of his neck tucker; and brings the strongest dark and light, on his figure, into spirited opposition. His brother kneels on a grassy bank, upon the foreground, with one arm thrown over the ass's neck, and the other holding him, on this side. His countenance is in a front view. He is dressed in shadowy green; and a fold of yellow silk, which is tied round his neck, gives additional breadth and richness to the white of his neck-tucker. Their dark hair and a large portion of their drapery, are relieved by rich reflections. A bit of bushy landscape, in quiet shade, forms a sober colourless mass, which melts into the fine breadth of light immediately above the horizon. The secondary light breaks on a cloud and some foliage, in the left corner above, and is skilfully distributed through all the gradations, down to a catching gleam on the water edge and broken ground in the right corner below. It is conducted on the connected edges of clouds, from the top, round the right side of the picture so as to form a dark blue-ish space on the sky, from which the heads are relieved, by the force of light and shadow, with much brilliant effect. The principal mass is in the centre, composed of the two boys' faces, connected with the sparkling white on their neck-linen, and some bright touches on the ass's ears. The grey colour of the ass's head is relieved by the dark bluish masses of the sky, and forms a chaste opposition of cool, silvery, middle tints, to the warm hues of the flesh and brilliant touches of high light on the linen. The heads are painted in a deep, clear, mellow tone. The cool and warm hues skilfully balanced and opposed; and the transitions from tint to tint, from light to shade, spirited and harmonious. There is a due mixture of sharpness and softness in the handling, and decision of the forms; and the features are drawn and marked in the very finest style of this artist. The union of richness and sobriety; of freedom, taste and truth of nature, at once, reminds us of Sir Joshua REYNOLDS; who has left behind him, in his lectures, the praise-worthy declaration, that HE ALWAYS PAINTED HIS BEST. The honest English of this means, that the late President never let *indolence, pleasure, or cupidity, seduce him into the error of painting slight, froth-portraits for the mere purpose of profit or convenience*. If that great man had painted for his pocket or his kitchen, he must have often fallen, like other eminent artists, from his *golden style* to that of *brass*, and from his *silver* to *lead*. But his works betray no neglects; and we have often sincerely wished that his declaration was inscribed, in very large letters, in the painting rooms of some of our artists. The picture, now under con-

sideration, is in Sir Joshua's best taste. It is marked by his warm feeling, his picturesque disposition and masses, and that spontaneous play of pencil, which scattered the graces of lightness and facility upon whatever he touched. Sir Thomas Lawrence has also a fine whole length (190) of Lady Maria Oglester, standing on the sea-shore, beside a high rocky bank; holding her straw-bonnet; a yellow shawl thrown over her shoulder and falling tastefully across her person. The general effect is pleasing; but the shadow on the mid-sea is too unconnected with the other shadows; and the mass of light above the horizon and that on the fore-ground, are too nearly alike in shape and tone. These circumstances injure the keeping and picturesque effect of the background. But the whole figure is charmingly conceived. There is a simple grace in the attitude. The drawing, particularly of the arm, which holds the bonnet; the sentiment, expression, delicious colouring and tone of the head; the youthful freshness and beauty of the countenance; the turn of the neck, and entire disposition, are in a fine taste. This artist's whole length of the Marquis of Anglesey, No. 94, in his military dress has an air of commanding dignity; and is an admirable likeness. There is a great depth of colour in the head, and nothing of flutter, trick, or manner in the effect. The masses are broad and united. The accessories large and in a noble style; and the entire painted with a freedom, vigor and solidity, worthy of this eminent artist's distinguished rank in his profession. His half-length of the Duchess of Gloucester, No. 72, is a bold but dangerous grasp after richness of colour. Her Royal Highness is seated in a chair dressed in white satin, and the flesh tints are painted up to the high key of a deep crimson curtain which passes almost wholly behind her. Placed between this strong and vivid mass, and the warm white of the satin, aided by a sparkling glimpse of bluesky, the carnations possess a dazzling glow and brilliancy in the lights. But the shadows in the face, if shadows they can be called, are, at present, too thin for the powerful mass of red behind. They are not sufficient in quantity or depth, to relieve the head, or sustain its importance as the principal object. This want is not supplied by the small dark touch of hair at the ear-pendant. In the hands of this great colourist, the head, with somewhat more depth of shadow, is capable of an astonishing force and more deep-toned lustre. But there is a too obvious reliance upon the immeeded accessory. The curtain possesses a preponderance in the effect at the expence of absolute essentials in the principal; and the aching eye passes with pleasure from this garish assemblage of colours, to the sober brilliancy of Mr. Ellis's head by See, and the deep repose of Mr. Murdoch's, by Phillips.—The same imprudent reliance upon an accessory, at the expence of the principal, is still more palpable in No. 946, this artist's head of J. Jekyll, Esq. The shadows of the face are neutralised by the over-whelming force of a deep crimson curtain; and the head, instead of being assisted, is subdued by its

flaming auxiliary. The executive power of the picture is usurped by the flare of the curtain; and this unlucky artist is rendered more striking from its near neighbourhood to the spirited chastity and fine thoughtful expression in the portrait of Sharon Turner, Esq. by Mr. See. Sir T. Lawrence's head of Mrs. Arbuthnot, No. 150, is drawn and painted with a certain tasteful negligence. It does not possess much force; but it is free from trick in the colouring; has a fine breadth of light, and a gentle charm in the expression. His three-quarter length of Mrs. Cuthbert, No. 155, is painted with freedom and taste; but the want of blue, green or direct purple, has produced a warm sameness in the masses. This eminent artist's fine feeling, fleshiness, harmony and practical power of pencil, in his studied performances, yield the palm to none of his competitors; but his harmony is never more enchanting than when he introduces a judicious opposition of cool and warm colours.

Mr. P. REINAGLE's two landscapes Nos. 9 and 30, are painted with great force of colour and depth of shadow: without any violent oppositions, and in a mellow subdued tone. The cattle are cleverly drawn, and there is a happy union of firmness and freedom in the pencilings. Mr. P. Nasmyth's view from Hampstead Heath, No. 15, is delicately painted: there is a good effect of sunny vapour in the sky, and the distances are executed with taste and lightness. The scenery in Nos. 38 and 317, Mr. W. WESTALL's view of Windermere, and that of Crummock Lake, is tastefully selected. There is a delicious coolness and transparency in his air-tints, with much sweet pencilings and solidity in his masses; and these attractive pictures are finished up to an enamel surface, without losing any of their sprightly execution. No. 517, this artist's "Indian army in a pass of the Ghauts, Decan, East-Indies," is an important specimen of his genius. The winding march of the troops and elephants, among the steep declivities of these formidable hills, is strikingly represented. The figures are drawn and grouped with spirit and correctness. The pencilings is decided and the effect broad. The immensity of the scene confers upon it an imposing grandeur, and the sublimity of the stupendous mountains, which hide their heads in the heavens, is heightened by their novelty to an untravelled spectator. Mr. W. Etty's sketch of Bacchanalians, No. 183, is very slight; but luxuriantly conceived, and coloured with great richness of fancy. His Cupid and Euphrosyne, No. 376, is a fine classical invention. The upper part of the female is designed with a noble flow of outline. The Cupid is incorrect, but full of spirit. The brilliant harmony of the colouring is produced by delicious oppositions. There is a certain graceful negligence in the whole, and a true poetical feeling, which affords a splendid promise, if this artist studies to combine purity of form with his fine vein of imagination.—The invention of the mountainous landscape in No. 372, "The Bard," by Mr. J. Martin, is grand; but the colouring is too blue and altogether cold. The picture is placed too high to permit a satisfactory judgment of the

figures: but the Bard appears a raw, red spot surrounded by discordant oppositions. Much is looked for from this young Artist, and he owes it to his rising fame to fulfil the public expectations. Mr. SCHWANFELDRE's dogs and horses are painted with correctness and spirit. His back grounds are broadly designed. Mr. G. Samuel's view of Windsor Castle, of Mount Edgecumbe, Devonshire, and of Plymouth Dock, are painted in cool silvery hues, without any great force; but with a due gradation of tint and in excellent union. His pencilings is light and delicate. The oyster-stall, No. 263, by Wm. Kidd, is painted with spirit and much truth of nature. Mr. LONSDALE's whole-length of the Duke of Sussex, is very like; well drawn; the attitude easy and dignified, and the entire painted in style highly creditable to this deserving artist.—We have been obliged to postpone our continued notice of the oil and water-colour paintings in Spring Gardens, until our next communication. W. C.

[To be continued.]

FRENCH EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE.

PARIS, MAY 10, 1817.—The present exhibition of modern works of sculptural art in this city by no means equals in excellence that of the paintings. This, however, is not to be wondered at, as it is an art in itself of a much higher class, and consequently of much more difficult attainment. The collection is not very extensive, but still contains a few favorable specimens of the state of sculpture in Paris, but which is certainly far below the English school.

The arrangement is this year different from the former, and is, in some respects, better. In prior exhibitions we have seen the modern works of the statuary placed in actual competition with the finest remains of antiquity. The productions of the French school were fixed among the *chefs d'œuvre* of the Grecian chisel. The French artists were consequently astonished at appearing in the presence of these antiquities, these models of almost incomprehensible beauty, and which can alone, with justice or advantage to the art, be compared with each other; and which still, after so many ages, compel the admiration of their imitators, while they, at the same time, overwhelm them with despair, from the difficulty and almost impossibility of equaling them.

The sublime Phidias, the divine Praxiteles, Cleomenes, who called forth *Venus* from the bosom of the ocean to enchant the inhabitants of Olympus—the three associates in genius and in glory, Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus, all these, were the witnesses and the judges, the severe witnesses and the incorruptible judges, who presided over the former exhibitions of French sculpture.—Both gods and mortals were equally alarmed at the sight of such an areopagus. The *Orestes* of Dupaty felt a terror different from crime, and an antique marble made him tremble more than the *Serpents* of Eumenides. The *Hercules* of Boissie was obliged to combat in the presence of the *Gladiators*. The *Phaeton* of Gois dared to exhibit his sufferings before the *Leones*. The figure of *Modesty* (*la Pudicité*), by Cartellier, held down

her head in the presence of the *Foun* : and as in the time when the divine Melesigenes wrote under the dictation of the god of verse, the *Homer* of Rolland was compelled to strike the cords of his lyre at the feet of the *Apollo Belvidere*. Who could find favour in the presence of these inimitable productions, whose heart-rending perfection promised not the slightest indulgence? Any sentence there issued must be complete condemnation.

In the present exhibition an assemblage so dangerous has been wisely avoided, and the sculpture is placed in a separate hall from the antiquities, and at some little distance; you may, indeed, pass from one to the other, but in comparing and judging of them, it must now be done from recollection, and not from a simultaneous view. In this way the actual presence of the antiquities does not now annihilate modern sculpture; and the comparison, made at a distance, while it will improve the public taste, will not be such a discouragement to the artists.

It would be but an uninteresting thing to give a dry detail of the various objects. The principal are the *Ajur* of Dupaty, the *Androcles* of Caledary, the *Turenne* of Gois, the *Hippomenes* and *Atalanta* of Guichard, the *Narcissus* of Legendre Herat, and the *Cupid* of Chaudet.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—ITALIAN OPERA. L'AGNESE BY F. PAËR.

Since our last report, the regular subscription nights have produced no novelty at this Theatre. *Don Giovanni* maintains his ground with unabated success. But Madame Camporese's benefit on Thursday (15th) introduced Paër's *Agnese* for the first time to the British public.

This Opera is in great estimation on the Continent, and founded on a tale of Mrs. Opie, *The father and daughter*, from which Luigi Buonavoglia adapted it for operatic representation. The plot of the Opera may be compressed into a few lines :

Agnes, (Madame Camporese) the only daughter of Hubert, (Ambrogetti) by eloping with Ernest (Begrez) her seducer, is the cause of her father's mental derangement, which brings him into a receptacle for lunatics under the superintendance of Don Pasquale, (Naldi) and of the physician Don Girolamo (Righi.) Agnes, after having borne a daughter to Ernest, is basely deserted by him, and the action of the drama commences, at the moment when Agnes, after an absence of seven years, approaches her paternal home, followed by Ernest, whose repentance has urged him in pursuit of the injured object of his former affections. Hubert, having accidentally escaped from his keepers, meets Agnes in the forest contiguous to his place of

confinement, and is recognized by her, but his disordered intellects do not permit him to believe in the reality of his daughter's presence. The keepers take him home, and Agnes follows him to the house of D. Pasquale. Ernest also finds his way thither, and meets Agnes, who scorns his renewed protestations. The physician determines to avail himself of the appearance of Agnes to effect the cure of Hubert, whose mind appears to have been beneficially influenced by her arrival. His residence is put precisely into the state in which it had been before his daughter's elopement, and the latter is directed to repair to it, and at the arrival of her father to resume her former occupations, as if the fatal interval of seven years were blotted out from the record of time and memory. Here she again meets Ernest, gives ear to his professions of repentance and love, and forgives. Hubert now enters his garden, the objects around him recall pleasing recollections and, with them, gradually his reason; he hears Agnes playing at the window a favourite air on the harp, and his recovery is completed at the approach of his daughter who receives his pardon and his blessing.— Ernest now throws himself at his feet, and his solicitations, together with the sight of the infant grand-daughter of Hubert, prove equally irresistible.

This drama, which is styled serio-comic bears naturally the stamp of its prototype, Mrs. Opie's novel; it is the most sentimental opera we are acquainted with: and the attempt at the comic in the character of D. Pasquale is of slight effect in itself, and, in our opinion, unsuitable. Indeed a doubt arises in our mind whether a tale of the above description be a proper subject for the pen of a dramatic poet, and above all for a musical piece. King Lear, perhaps, may be quoted as a precedent, in point of dramatic fitness; but, the difference between the two subjects and their treatment, *si parva licet componere magnis*, appears to us so great and obvious that we shall refrain from dilating on a question, for the discussion of which we have neither space nor inclination.

The music of this opera as a whole did not answer the expectations we had formed from some detached pieces: we deem it inferior to *Sergio*, *Griselda*, and *Camilla* by the same composer. Our opinion may possibly have been influenced by the want of relish we felt for the subject; for in music even a small matter will often untune the strings of our susceptibilities: and if we are in the right, we readily ascribe this compara-

tive inferiority of the composition, if not to the composer's dislike of his subject—certainly to the difficulties which its treatment must have occasioned. The overture is not distinguished by originality of conception or striking effects; and a considerable portion of the rest of the music appeared to us liable to the same observation. Melody, too, is not a prominent feature in this opera, and it is only occasionally that the instrumental accompaniments assume a character of well digested and effective harmonic support, although towards the conclusion of some of the pieces we often remarked an increased activity and richness of accompaniment and greater spirit in the ideas themselves. In giving this general opinion, we would not wish to be understood, as if we found no individual instances of Paër's compositorial talent in this Opera. These we shall have occasion to notice in treating of the performers.

Among these, Madame Camporese and Ambrogetti stood foremost. The vocal exertions of the latter were in the second act somewhat impeded by either a severe cold, or by the efforts with which he acted his arduous part of the madman: but his histrionic performance was all we could wish for, indeed more than our nerves could stand. He was truly great, and horribly true. His character had the singular disadvantage, that the better he represented it by faithfully copying nature, the more repugnant it became to the feelings of the audience; and on this account it may perhaps be advisable for him rather to lower the strong conception of the part, in the event of a repetition. The fine Duet with Madame Camporese in the 3d scene he sang with the utmost pathos, and he appeared still more impressive in the beautiful and original Cavatina "Quando lo trozero," when tracing the tomb of Agnes on the walls of his cell. In the two finales Mr. Ambrogetti's acting caused the strongest emotions not only throughout the house, but even on the stage. It is not unusual to see a good actor work on the risible faculties of his colleagues; but to move their feelings so as to draw tears, is a tribute to dramatic talent we yesterday beheld for the first time: and to see all this achieved by a performer whose leading line of character is that of broad humour, the *buffo caricato*, creates amusement.

The value of Madame Camporese's acquisition to the establishment is felt more and more at every successive appearance of that lady; we fully appreciated it at the beginning, and yester-

day, more than on any former occasion, found that our opinion was confirmed by the unanimous and rapturous testimony of the musical public. The part of Agnese is of the highest dramatic interest; deep contrition, tenderness, and filial piety and devotion are its predominant features, and in all these Madame Camporese found ample scope for the display of her dramatic talents. In point of musical execution she widely surpassed all we had before heard from her. She seemed inexhaustible in the most tasteful embellishments and passages, which she delivered with the most fascinating purity and delicacy of musical feeling. Our time and limits allow us but to add, that in the above mentioned duet with Ambrogetti, she excited universal admiration. The charming plaintive air *Come la Nebbia*, and another, *Se la smarrita agnella*, accompanied by the harp, she gave with infinite chasteness and simplicity. In the duet with Naldi *Il padre di Ciel* she did ample justice to the good composition.

Mr. Naldi's part was not sufficiently striking to afford scope for his comic abilities, but he did every thing in his power to render it such, and was throughout successful. He had a Terzett with Miss Mori and Madame Pasta, which we take to be one of the best pieces in the Opera, and which alone was repeated.

Sigñor Begrez had also comparatively little to do, and that, he did well.—In the opening scene, which is a very good composition and well assisted by the chorus, he was impressive. He sang an Aria with a sweet taste, and equally so, the Duet with Madame Camporese *Ah questo Sen.*

The House, we were happy to see, was extremely well filled, and at the conclusion of the performance, the audience expressed their sense of Madame Camporese's high merits by long continued peals of applause.

DRURY-LANE.—On last Saturday night Mr. KENNEY's new comedy called "The Touchstone, or the world as it goes"—was repeated, at this theatre, to a full house, with increased applause. We shall here give an outline of the plot. The first scene opens with a view of the gates leading to the splendid country residence of *Finesse*, (Mr. Holland) a rich and not over scrupulous speculator, whose sister, Mrs. *Fairweather*, (Mrs. Harlow) a widow, resides with him and is joined in his speculations. A cottage opposite their gates is inhabited by *Paragon* (Harley) the village schoolmaster, from whose conversation with *Probe*, (Dowton) a travelling exhibitor of a phantasmagoria, the audience learn that *Paragon* is a young fellow, who in a short space had run through the changes of law-

yer, unsuccessful author, embittered critic, and hopeless debtor in a spunging house, before his liberation by a friend had enabled him to make his escape into the country where he set up as the village Lingo. In this latter capacity, he is determined to marry his cousin, *Dinah Cropley*, (Miss Kelly) whose father (Oxberry) is a farming-servant to *Finesse*. The latter and his sister refuse their consent to the marriage, in very contemptuous terms of *Paragon*. *Finesse* receives news of the failure of an Hamburg Correspondent, by which he is ruined, and this circumstance transpiring, *Garnish* (Wallack), who was on the point of demanding Mrs. *Fairweather*'s hand, and had been raised from want to affluence by her and her brother, deserts her. Mrs. *Fairweather*, on hearing that *Paragon* had come to a large fortune by the death of a relation in America, attempts to inveigle him into a marriage; but she finds a new rival in her matrimonial speculation, in Miss *Beckey*, *Garnish*'s sister (Mrs. Alsoop) besides the faithful *Dinah*. The frequent consequence of sudden wealth is seen, in the desertion of *Dinah Cropley* by *Paragon*. *Probe*, in looking over the will and papers of the deceased relation of *Paragon*, discovers that, by a subsequent will, the fortune is left to *Dinah*. *Paragon*, before this discovery, repents of his inconstancy and hastens to offer his hand and fortune to her. *Dinah*, also, while ignorant of the new will, rejects the love of *Finesse* and *Garnish*; and when she learns her good fortune, joyfully gives her hand to *Paragon*, the man of her heart. Mr. Ketney is entitled to credit for paying, in this instance, the due compliment of superior disinterestedness to the fair sex. We have, in our last, noticed the merits of this piece, and are confirmed in our opinion that, if the plot does not abound in striking novelties, the dialogue and situations are so pleasant and ingeniously contrived as to keep the audience in a constant vein of good humour through the whole performance.

On Monday night, Mr. Kean performed Othello, in his best style, at this Theatre. *Wallack*'s Iago was deficient in close-working cunning. His frank good-looking countenance was never designed to play the villain. Mrs. Bartley represented Desdemona as well as ever we have seen her in the character. There is more sound thinking than ardent passion in her performance. Mrs. Hill received considerable applause in *Emilia*: we are sensible of her capabilities; but we recommend the study of *temperance* in *gesture* and *action* to this actress. If she labored less, and trusted more to nature, she would be more impressive. After the tragedy, and the Spanish Divertissement, the light new afterpiece, in one act, called "The house out at windows," was performed for the second time. It can hardly be said to have a plot; but consists of a few laughable situations produced by the efforts of *Furbish*, (Dowton) a needy ornamental paper-stainer, to pay his debts by a marriage with Lydia (Miss Mangeon) the daughter of *Mushroom* (Gatty) a rich, retired tradesman. His matrimonial speculation is defeated by the ingenuity of *Smart*,

(Harley) a servant of Lieutenant *Forlow* her lover, who finally obtains her hand with her father's consent. The overture did credit to Mr. Corri, the composer: *Dowton*, *Harley*, *Cooke* and Miss *Mangeon*, each had a song which were of a light character like the piece. A few expressed their disapprobation in the last scene, but the great majority were in its favor.

On Wednesday night Mr. Kean, for the first time, performed the part of *Eustache de St. Pierre*, in "The Surrender of Calais." This play has been complimented as the best and most successful of the younger Colman's dramatic productions. The author had certainly a noble story: and whether a builder can successfully employ the august materials for a palace, on an ordinary dwelling, is the question. We confess, that we have always considered it as a very successful effort to strip a sublime and affecting instance of public virtue, of its most dignified and imposing features. There is a want of elevated feeling and thinking throughout; and the main event is enfeebled by being accompanied by a mass of insipid commonplace and bare-faced imitation. The scene between *Eustache de St. Pierre*, and the discontented citizens of Calais, reminds us of that between *Coriolanus* and the clamorous populace of Rome; but, "oh, what a falling off is there!"—The dialogue between the two English gallows-makers is clumsily copied from that of the grave-diggers in Hamlet. *Eustache de St. Pierre*, the principal character, is not sufficiently prominent in the groups; and his patriotism is stripped of personal dignity, by being grafted upon a sour, peevish temper. The part, as it is written, affords little room for a great actor like Mr. Kean; but he threw his own fine conception and strong spirit into several passages. In the following he was much and deservedly applauded: in giving his last morsel, after a three days' fast, to his old townsmen, for his starving daughter; in reproaching his son for proposing to secrete provisions for themselves; in offering himself the first to suffer death to save his townsmen from the sword; in taking leave of his son, and in his reproaches to King Edward at the place of execution: in these speeches he displayed much discrimination and energy. Mrs. Bartley made the most of *Julia*. *Wallack* exerted himself to please in *Ribaumont*. *Irish Johnstone* sung and blundered; *Harley* hustled, nodded and simpered; *Knight* laughed, rubbed his hands, and looked cunning; and little *Hughes* was, if possible, ten times more quaint and comical than usual. Mrs. *Bland*, too, added her playful harmony to the general effort. All this could not pass without some laughter and applause; but for Mr. Colman's King and Queen,—we shall say nothing of "leather and prunelle!!!"

COVENT GARDEN.—On Tuesday night last, Mr. Kemble performed the part of *Hotspur* in King Henry the 4th, to a crowded house, with great spirit and applause. As the night, for his final adieu to the stage, approaches, the public anxiety and eagerness to see this great tragedian increases. He

was in high health, and the part roused his powers and threw off thirty years from his shoulders. The fire of his performance produced, at the close, an unanimous cry of "Kemble is Hotspur," which was persisted in until the promise of his re-appearance in the character was received with a long-continued burst of acclamation. We shall, when he next performs it, enter into details.

W. C.

FRENCH MANNERS.

(*Mœurs Françaises*.)

By M. Jouy.

We left these shepherds to go and visit the abode of a family of Sannusquets, which M. N. protects more particularly than the others; we found this family collected with a dozen domestic animals which seemed to form part of it, in a very large apartment divided into two stories, one of the sides of which was occupied by the staircase formed of some beams; the walls were covered with images of saints, and rude kitchen utensils. An old man, of above eighty, was sitting in a recess in the chimney corner; eight children of different ages were standing round about a table, where the mother, with another child in her arms, was distributing *cruchede* among them. The eldest daughter (whose face was the more striking in a country where the women, generally ugly, are rendered still more so by the kind of hood which they wear on their heads,) was busy milking a cow in the middle of the room, while the master of the cottage, sitting upon the top of the chimney-piece, was preparing food for his oxen, tying up little bundles of straw and twigs, seven or eight inches long, which he seasoned by putting in the middle some pinches of bran and salt.

M. N. was received by these good people with cries of joy; we had remarked that amidst the habitual disorder of the cottage, there was an air of festivity: the solitary asked the cause of it, and we learned that the family was preparing to go to the wedding of a relation, whose cottage was not far off. I expressed to my host a desire to be present at the ceremony; the arrangement was soon made.

Every one went to get his bedclothes in the little chamber, and Babiche (this is the name of the young girl) appeared to me really pretty with her *corset* of printed calico, which shows the breast, and the bonnet with the large indented lappets edged with red, which supplies the place of the great hood which the women of the Landes wear on working days.

On the way to the wedding we met a funeral, and according to the custom of the country, we turned aside for a moment, to follow the deceased to his last repose. This incident gave me an opportunity of learning that when a native of the Landes, whether man or woman, dies, all the relations, even the most distant, must attend his funeral, and the oldest woman pronounces the funeral prayers aloud, after having exorcised the demons to keep them at a distance from the grave.

The nuptial ceremony at which we attend-

ed in a neighbouring publichouse in the middle of the heath, differs only by less polished and less elegant manners, from what passes elsewhere on similar occasions; the youths and maids dance to the sound of the bagpipe, and the songs of old women (for whom the people of the Landes have a peculiar respect,) and accompany their steps with gestures and motions in cadence, of which good taste has less cause to complain than decorum. This diversion is followed by a repast in the open air, at which they drink with so little moderation, that the women and even the children are not always able to get back to their cottage.

The preliminaries of marriage offer a strange peculiarity which I must not omit: when a young man desires to obtain the hand of a girl, he repairs in the middle of the night to the father's house, accompanied by two friends, who carry each a jug of wine; he knocks at the door and requests an interview, which is never refused; all the family rise and place themselves round a table; *cruchedes*, omelets fried with bacon, are served up; they empty the two jugs, telling stories of mermaids, magi, sorcerers, and ghosts, without saying a word of the subject on account of which the family are assembled: at break of day (the repast must last till that time) the young woman rises, and goes to fetch the desert which irrevocably decides the fate of the suitor; if among the dishes which she brings, there is a plate of nuts, the gallant is dismissed, and the door of that house is for ever closed against him. "C'est un galant à la noix" is the common expression in the country, for one whose suit has been rejected. M. N. while he gave me this account, pointed out to me two young men whom the pretty little Babiche had already dismissed in this manner. This custom put me in mind of that of the Culumet among the Caribs.

Note.—Customs exactly corresponding with this formerly existed in many parts of Germany, of which no trace is left except the proverbial expressions to which they gave rise. Thus "to get a basket," "to fetch a basket," and other similar expressions mean in the stricter sense to have one's suit for the hand of a woman rejected; though in a more extensive sense, and probably from disuse of the custom on which these expressions were founded, they are now frequently employed to signify a refusal of any kind. Of the person who gives such a refusal it is said "she has given (or woven) a basket." It is here that the German literati are not entirely agreed on the origin of these expressions; but the general opinion is that they are derived from an ancient custom of placing a basket behind the house door, when a suitor was expected whom it was intended to refuse. This is the more probable, because similar customs still exist. Thus in the part of Holstein called Dithmarsen, when a suitor is expected, who is not acceptable, a wooden shovel is set in the house of the girl, about the time it is supposed he will come, to spare him the pain of making the proposal, and the vexation of a refusal. Hence in Dithmarsen and some parts of Saxony, "to get a shovel" is syn-

onymous with "to get a basket." In Livonia a dish of meat dressed in blood and vinegar, called Schwartzsauer (black sour) is set before the suitor for the same purpose.

PORTRAITS IN HIGH LIFE.

PORTRAIT V.

LORD LARA.

If we regret to behold the sturdy son of the mountain migrate and transfer his strength and industry to a transatlantic coast, how is our sensibility excited,—how is our concern augmented, when we contemplate the deportation of such stupendous talent, such towering faculties to any clime, or to any country distant from Britain! We calculate the changes and chances of a fragile existence, the dangers and uncertainty of hostile elements, the depression of mind under which his journey was commenced, the probability of our never again listening to, or enthusiastically perusing, sweet numbers added to his already invaluable poetic lore, and above all we shrink from the possibility of his never returning. Under these considerations, we feel that the property which his country holds in him, is at risk:—we fear that this huge portion of national talent is already perhaps diverted into an unproductive channel, and will run into despair and misanthropy, or will wither and expire in the gloom of melancholy.

Shall we never, then, thrill again with the perusal of his battles! Shall we no more melt at the tender recital of what love has hoped and borne, sweetly pictured in his tenderer effusions! Shall we not again freeze with horror at his superb description of all that is great, cruel, magnanimous, and revengeful in man? Yes; he has left enough of these pictures, to keep alive our admiration, to immortalize his name, to silence his inviolable enemies. But to believe that those works are not to continue and to increase, must afflict every admirer of talent, every soul that soars above its narrow house of clay, every patriot who takes part in the pre-eminence of his country.

We grieve the more at his migration, because, when he left us, he left bitter enemies, altered friends and unfeeling connexions, to misrepresent his actions, to furnish his good name, to blacken his remembrance; and, because,

"He stood alone amidst his hand,"

"Without a trusted heart or hand."

Consign.

Because unforgiveness on the one side had kindled the destructive passion of revengeful fury on the other; whilst boundless abilities were slighted, and

heroism of mind thereby converted into interminable despair.

But what being, who has ever read and understood the inspired verses of Lord Lara, could harbour an inimical sentiment against him? Such glowing colours, such living imagery, such creative imagination, such depth and such sublimity of thought, flying from time to eternity, from uncreated chaos to realms of perpetual light! Such rapidity, such diversity, such comprehensive mental power, are his, and his almost alone. If the torrent of his excellence abruptly bear away by its impetuosity, or if the deep shade of horror appal into stupor, the force of the one, and the sepulchral colouring of the other, proceed from the gigantic strength of the possessor, yet are they not too powerful to mingle into the soft relief of contrast, gently and yet scarce perceptibly combined?

Thus endowed, we should indeed think him a most preposterous and unnatural being who could hate such a character, who could perpetuate animosity towards such a genius, who could monstrously attempt to deface such an imperishable monument of fame. But we must now allude to the little and revolting causes, which gave birth to that strife which drove "*self-exiled Harold*" from our land; and, though such notice is far from agreeable, the lesson may be useful to wedded pairs,—the tale may occasion the unworldly poet, and the eccentric man of talent to ponder, ere he embark in matrimony, and to descend to that dispassionate examination, which fits a man for domestic life, instead of flying to the hymeneal altar on the wings of fancy, deifying the object of his choice, and filling the whole of wedded existence with agonies and ecstasies.

The only child of rich and indulgent parents, reared on the soft pillow of relaxing luxury, watched like the blossom of promise or the plant of rare and uncertain growth, and spoiled by the tender hand of apprehensive culture,—tended with too officious care, with too alarming solicitude lest she might not mature, the wife of Lara was like an expensive and curious exotic, overforced, warmed with too much heat, and impeded in nature's progress by too much attention. Thus accustomed to more than necessary attendance and endearment, it was not to be wondered that the shrub could bear no common temperature; that, what would have been but a wholesome breeze to a more hardy plant, might be deemed a fatal blast, or a freezing breath. To speak, not in the language of metaphor,

but in the plain form of truth, the least contradiction, the semblance of chiding, or the shadow of neglect must have contracted the form of her mind into storm-struck withering.

To see another admired or cherished, but above all, to think that a less valuable being participated in her Lord's taste or tenderness, was not merely to be lamented (as heaven knows it was,) but was also insupportable and never to be forgotten or forgiven. Hence, was she incapable of estimating the genius of her lord; hence was the tender linnet no mate for the bold stern Eagle of another sphere; hence were his erring flights tremendous to her narrow view; and every speck upon the feather of his wing was magnified into "damned spot" and dire corruption. She could not learn that great lights must be accompanied by shades, that high qualifications never exist without concomitant imperfections, and that the first duty of a wife is to obey her husband's will, to conciliate him in trouble, to foster the affection which she has won, and to purchase by unremitting tenderness and indulgence that esteem which will survive the decay of attraction, nay, triumph over the depravity of inconstancy as well as the whim and folly of youth.

Superadded to the inconveniences arising from the espousal of an only child, or a too much indulged and flattered heiress, Lord Lara had grafted on his matrimonial establishment, the Duenne, or spoiling companion, of his Lady's early years—one who, with hawk-eyed curiosity, with prying inquisition, with intolerant severity might watch the actions and be the spy over him who was not only born, but thus circumstanced to be her master. Vainly may it be objected, that the interest which she took in her Lady's welfare could not brook her being wronged, that maiden modesty, and conscientious propriety forbade her to hide his faults: we cannot but think that the tongue of dependence should under no circumstances revile its patron; that the domestic, however high his or her rank may be, should never disseminate the sounds of discord, spread the wide tale of scandal, or disclose secrets fatal to the repose of beings united by ties which cannot be broken without wounding both.

To such causes, then, may be attributed the severing of an estimable pair. By such circumstances has the fame of talent and nobility been vilified; and, what is still more to be deplored, to such concurring evils are to be ascribed, the self-exile of a man of unequalled genius,

and of unequalled sufferings—of him who is left to say:

Far thee well!—thus dimmited.

Torn from every nearer tie—

Scard in heart—and lone—and blighted—

More than this, I scarce can die.

If however "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," talent sanctifieth a multitude of errors; and, 'tis pity that the fair partner of this lost Lord, had not perused, and been able to apply to herself, the following lines of Dryden, so befitting the female character,

"Pity is heaven's, and your's, nor can the fint
"A throne so soft as in a woman's mind."

Far otherwise was it with the wife of Lara. No generous oblivion of human frailty, no lofty contemplation of the colossal fabric of a mind, too high and too just to dwell upon the dust which might deform its base, or the insect which might light momentarily upon its surface,—no amiable feminine sweetness, which cannot mingle with the gall of unrelenting cruelty, inhabited her bosom. She felt; she upbraided; she was not to be appeased. No longer could the hapless Lara sing,

Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!

That watched me as a seraph's eye,

And stood between me and the night;

For ever shining sweetly nigh,

And when the cloud upon us came,

Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—

Then purer spread its gentle flame,

And dashed the darkness all away.

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,

And teach it what to brave or brook—

There's more in one soft word of thine,

Than in the world's defied rebuke.

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,

Whose branch unbroke, but gently bent,

Still waves with fond fidelity

Its boughs above a monument.

The winds might rend—the skies might pow,

But there thou wert—and still wouldest be

To shied in the stormiest hour.

To thy weeping leaves o'er me.

But thou and thine shall know no blight,

Whatever fate on me may fall;

For heaven in sun-shine will require

The kind—and thee the most of all.

Now alas! has the once fond partner of her breast disappeared at the summons of unrelenting pride, at the impulse of anger, at the smart of unforgiven injury; whilst the inflamed and heightened wrong "manet alta mente repotum." She could not turn to the cradle, where lay her sleeping babe, and, weeping over the little innocent, exclaim

"How sweet in every look to see

"All but thy sire's inconstancy!"

Of no such materials, was she composed, or, we venture to assert, peace and sweet concord would long ere this have returned to her mansion, reconciliation would have doubly riveted the bonds of affection, and his approving country would, in the presence of Lord Lara, have been now in possession of its greatest poetical ornament.

ROMAN LETTERS.

VALERIA MESSALINA TO JUSTINA LOCUSTA.
I could almost be tempted to realize your frightful presages by an act of extreme severity, were it not that some indulgence is due to the dreams of gloomy superstition; and that no doubt can be entertained of your sincerity. But it is now too late in life, to regard omens which, if they have any connexion with destiny, will only generate fear instead of guarding against a danger that cannot be avoided. The apprehension which creates such terrible evils in your timid imagination cannot damp the ardour of my desires, or turn me away from the pursuit of new pleasures. That my Sovereign Lord should all of a sudden become so completely changed as to enter upon the investigation of my conduct; and for the sake of his own injured honour, as well as that of his insulted country, ordain such an enquiry as must end in a formal divorce, would indeed be a most serious circumstance. Truly even my mind, volatile and determined as it is, might almost tremble at the idea of such an event, if it had not the experience of so many years for its confidence, and such a thorough knowledge of the disposition of the emperor for its security. After suffering me to violate all the regulations of society at Rome, without any mark of public censure, it is not likely that a rigid observation will be taken of what passes among strangers and in a remote province. You are wholly ignorant of the character of Claudio, if you fancy that he has the least spirit of curiosity in his temper about matters that concern his own immediate interest; or that he would shake off his habitual love of ease to avenge any wrong, however aggravating it may be, against his person or dignity. Called to the highest station at an advanced period of life, and with a constitution emaciated by voluptuous indulgence, he has a natural dislike to public business, and cannot endure the trouble of an examination, even though the matter should involve his individual safety, or be of urgent importance to the welfare of the empire. Besides, he is now at a vast distance beyond the Alps in that barbarous island, cut off, as the greatest of our poets describes it, from the whole civilized world; and, therefore, next to the improbability of his return, is that of his being made acquainted with this plebeian connexion which you say, and perhaps justly, has given offence to the Romans and pleasure to their enemies.

I am accused, it seems, of the most wanton extravagance, at a time when distress and dearth pervade every part of the imperial dominions; and it is alleged against me, as a crime worse, if possible, than infidelity, that amidst the public burthens and an exhausted treasury, I continue to squander an immense income in the gratification of a vitiated appetite, and upon foreigners of abandoned character. Without taking the needless pains of explaining and justifying what storm morality must condemn, it is in my power to repel the charge of perfidy and licentiousness upon those persons who are now so lavish in their censures of my conduct; since had it

not been for their officious zeal in setting me up almost as the head of a party, and appearing as if they were proud of being enrolled under my banner, it was impossible that I could have emerged from the obscurity of secret indulgence, to take those flights of extravagance, which, by making my genuine character known, must render their pretended virtue despicable. But let the sufferings of the Romans be what they may, upon me the people can have no claims so long as they are the credulous dupes of a designing faction, who have increased the general distress under the pretext of removing the public burthens; or, in other words, by shifting the whole weight of taxation from those who alone have profited by war and conquest, to the industrious community whose privations they hypocritically deplore, and whose misery they aggravate by fomenting discontent and sedition. Were I even to adopt an economical course of living, and, in order to gain a little popularity, apply the surplus to charitable uses; the zealots for purity of principle, instead of giving me credit for the sacrifice, would ascribe it to the want of motives; of which an instance has already appeared in the abuse poured upon one who, by relinquishing for the public benefit a princely income, has thereby deprived himself the luxury of doing more essential good to those who would have cherished towards him eternal gratitude. While such a course of things continues, especially between an imbecile government on the one hand, and a turbulent faction on the other, Messalina has nothing to fear, even though Claudio should rouse from his apathy, and his family be united to resent the indignity which my intrigues have brought upon them. Farewell.

POLITICS.

In the House of Lords on Monday, Earl Grey brought under consideration the circular letter issued by Lord Sidmouth to facilitate the suppression of blasphemy and sedition. The object of his lordship's motion was, to have laid before the House the case submitted by the Secretary of State for the Home Department to the Law Officers of the Crown for their opinion. The motion was lost by a majority of fifty-six.—Upon the production of the long-expected Army Estimates it appears, that eighty-five thousand men are retained this year, for those services to which forty-four thousand were found sufficient in 1792, when Europe was differently circumstanced. The whole number of the army will be 117,000.—That it was the intention of ministers to propose a continuance of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act was on Thursday avowed by Lord Castlereagh in the House of Commons.

Certain advices relative to the Embassy of Lord Amherst to China, have at

length been received from India by the ship General Hewitt. Lord Amherst and his suite arrived at Canton on New Year's Day, after a journey of four months through the heart of the country. It appears that the Chinese did not chuse to relax from their demand of the usual degrading prostrations, a demand which Lord Amherst thought proper to resist, as they were more humiliating than his Lordship had anticipated.

Calcutta papers to the 13th of Nov. inform us that the war between the Mahratta chiefs has not yet disturbed our territories; but we fear the battle cannot long rage so near them without in some measure affecting their tranquillity.

The legislature of the Ionian Islands is on the point of assembling, the British Governor General having named Commissioners to draw up a list of candidates for the Assembly. It is said it will consist of 29 Members; from Corfu 7, Cephalonia 8, Zante 7, St. Mauro 4, Ithaca, Cerigo, and Paxo, 1 each. Letters from Ragusa, state that the High Commissioner at the Ionian Isles had issued orders to establish on the opposite continental coast several posts in which English troops were to be stationed.

In France, the trial of the 28 persons, accused of a conspiracy to overthrow the present Government and to bring back Bonaparte, has commenced. They had succeeded in secretly enlisting several hundred discharged soldiers, in various parts of France.—The Germanic Diet is about to constitute itself as a power, to which the different States of Germany, of whose ministers the Diet consists, were to send, in addition, Ministers Plenipotentiary.—The King of Wurtemberg and his States are still farther than ever from being on good terms.—Serious differences have arisen between the Courts of Stockholm and of Copenhagen.—The negotiations between Russia and the Porte are said to be rapidly proceeding, and likely to terminate to the satisfaction of both parties.—A new conspiracy is stated to have broken out in the Kingdom of Aragon; but the details are not noticed.—The last account of the successes of the Independents in Spanish America are strongly corroborated. Cumana has fallen to the army of the Independents; and the Royalist cause in Venezuela is reduced to the lowest ebb.

THE INQUISITION.

The Chevalier Claude de Courcier, member of the French chamber of Deputies, has lately published a pamphlet, in which

among other extraordinary propositions, he says: "all those who have travelled in Spain know that the Inquisition is now nothing more than a Council of censure, and that it is the most moderate of tribunals." In support of this position he alleges the authority of M. Bourgoing, and of Count Alexander de la Borda. Without examining whether the expressions cursorily used by these gentlemen will bear the interpretation given them by Mr. de C., we must be permitted to observe that this is a question of facts and not of opinions.—It is by facts therefore that a Spanish academician M. J. Antony Llorente, canon of Toledo, ancient secretary of the Supreme Inquisition of the Court of Madrid, an indefatigable writer, who has rendered the greatest services to the history of his country, has replied to the assertion of M. de Coussergues. M. de Llorente has confined himself to facts, calculations and dates. He may almost be said to abuse a superiority which cannot be disputed. It is the tempest bearing down a feeble reed. The whole question is reducible to a very narrow compass. Does the Inquisition exist? Is its organization changed? What are its attributes?—Yes, the Inquisition exists entire, full of youth and vigour, its laws, its forms, its spirit are still the same. The question is therefore decided.—Let us not be told that it is the most moderate of tribunals because the fires of the Inquisition devoured fewer victims under Charles III., and his successor Charles IV. Immortal glory is due to those two princes, whose natural goodness tempered the fanatic ardour of a tribunal consolidated by three ages of superstition. Honour to the enlightened ministers who successively merited the hatred of the holy tribunal, and the regret of the Spanish nation. Already towards the latter part of the reign of Philip V. Macanaz, the illustrious victim of his zeal for the real interests of the monarch and the country, had acquired a celebrated name, the lustre of which nothing has been able to tarnish. Salgado, Chumacero, Ramos de Manzano, in their turn bequeathed all the honours of inquisitorial persecution, to Roda Florida-Blanca, to a crowd of courageous men, who combated with undiminished ardour for so glorious a cause. Count d'Aranda whom it is sufficient to name, the learned Campomanes, the Count of Cabarras, the immortal Jovellanos, the Chevalier d'Urquijo successively attacked the colossus. They failed in the contest, it is true; but the approbation of all sensible men followed them in their disgrace.

of Barcelona, to give public satisfaction to the Consuls of France and Holland, to repair excesses committed contrary to the law of nations.

He courageously presented to Charles IV. for his signature, a decree for the total suppression of the Inquisition, and by which its immense property was applied to charitable and useful establishments.

He freed his country from an annual contribution of above 10 millions of francs; for bulls and ecclesiastical dispensations, which the court of Rome continued to levy upon Spain, while all other Catholic countries had obtained the modification of those pious tributes.

He was the first who conceived in Europe the project of the abolition of Christian slavery, and procured the principle of the exchange of prisoners of war, to be adopted in a treaty concluded between the King of Spain and Morocco. This step towards the civilisation of Africa was applauded in all the foreign Journals. The principal articles of this memorable treaty appear to have served as the basis of that which England dictated to the Barbary States after the brilliant victory gained by Lord Exmouth. In 1799 he opened to the celebrated Humboldt, the way to Spanish America, who on publishing his last work (Paris 1814) has so nobly discharged the debt of gratitude.

He thought it advisable to unite the faculties of surgery and medicine, to hasten the progress of the art of healing, by associating with each two sciences, which mutually improve each other; he erected professorships of chemistry, and natural philosophy, which were wanting in Spain; at the same time he favored as much as possible the establishment of telegraphs till then unknown in the Peninsula.

What was then the conduct of the most moderate of all tribunals? Three secret actions, commenced by three different tribunals of the inquisition, were proceeding at once against the Chevalier d'Urquijo. The following are the principal charges brought against him.

" He had humiliated the holy office by obliging it to repair its wrongs towards foreign powers.

" He had proposed the suppression of the tribunal.
" He had made a friendly compact with a mussulman, and favored the entrance of a heretic into the Spanish colonies.

"The profound study of natural philosophy might endanger the purity of the faith.

"The invention of telegraphs was a dangerous and suspicious novelty."

The imprudent minister was soon disgraced. The most unwholesome dungeon in the citadel of Pampeluna, was assigned him as the reward of his services. He remained there two whole years; and when he left it, it was only to go into banishment under the most rigid *surveillance* (a word for which the English language has happily no legal synonyme) to expiate the crime of having felt the value of the study of natural philosophy, of having caused the rights of nations to be respected, of having believed it possible and useful to establish more speedy communications

between the sea-ports of the Peninsula, and the seat of government, and above all for the unpardonable sin of having doubted the necessity of maintaining the tribunal of the inquisition.

Notwithstanding these continual, though more or less ostensible efforts of the holy office, the spirit and light of the age were insensibly penetrating into Spain. Charles III has protected the arts and Belles-Lettres; Charles IV his son did not check the rising efforts of a wise philosophy. Spain was visibly enriching itself with all the blessings of general civilisation.

The inquisition, indeed, still subsisted; but terrified by the number, the courage and the quality of its enemies, it had submitted to use with modest hypocrisy the obscure victories which it extorted from time to time from the weakness of the civil power. Concentrated, as it were, within itself, hoping, sooner or later, to resume its true attitude, since it preserved the use of its accustomed arms, it had deferred its vengeance for fear of hazarding its success. It sighed in secret, at the passive part to which it seemed to be condemned; but who was ever deceived by this apparent and perfidious calm?

It now revives It is in the letter of M. J. A. Llorente, that our readers will find the details of its mysterious judicial proceedings; how the boasted favor of being defended by a counsel, becomes illusory for the accused! with what facility informers can borrow the name of religion to gratify private passions! lastly how this tribunal of penitence instituted for the consolation of the faithful has become the principal instrument of religious intolerance.

" The Inquisition publishes every year during Lent, that people are bound to declare all they hear, all they have heard against the doctrine of the Church, contrary to the free exercise of the holy office. Whoever refuses incurs excommunication. Confessors are forbidden to give sacramental absolution to the penitent before they have asked him if he knows any thing proper to be denounced. The fear of eternal damnation causes the most sacred ties to be disregarded. Mothers, daughters, sisters, wives, nay even (amantes) have been seen at the feet of the inquisitors accusing those whom they held the most dear."

M. Llorente says at the conclusion, "I have advanced nothing of which I cannot warrant the exactness, and give irrefragable proofs***. If what I have just said is not sufficient to undeceive every body, I flatter myself that the veil will fall when I shall publish my *Critical History of the Spanish Inquisition*." To gratify the public curiosity I here add the result of it, that is, the number of the victims: I divide them into three classes, according to the example of the inquisitors."

"From 1481 to 1789.

"Burnt alive 34,332

“Burnt in effigy 17,690

"Incarcerated, confined, and almost all stripped of their rights, 201-120

all stripped of their property - 491,450

“Total annual cost would be \$13,500”

Any observation would be useless. We add the following sentence of Montesquiou.

" If any one, in future ages, dares to say that the nations of Europe were civilised, the *Inquisition* will be quoted to prove that they were, in a great measure, barbarous; and the idea that will be formed of it, will be such, that it will stigmatise this age, and excite hatred of the nations who should still adopt this odious tribunal."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. John Clarke of Cambridge has just published some Vocal Pieces with original Poetry, written expressly for the work, by Mrs. Joanna Baillie, Walter Scott, Esq. John Stewart, Esq. William Smyth, Esq. James Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd, and Lord Byron.

On Sunday the third instant, was preached before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, at the Church of St. Mary le Bow, Cheapside, the Anniversary Sermon for the Benefit of the National Schools, on the plan of Dr. Bell, according to the Madras system. The church was crowded out of curiosity to hear the celebrated Dr. Herbert Marsh, Bishop of Llandaff, who delivered a most excellent and animated discourse on Proverbs, xi. 17: "The merciful man doth good to his own soul." from which appropriate passage the learned prelate inferred and proved, that in the diffusion of Christian knowledge upon right principles among the poor, the temporal welfare of a state is best secured, and that the comfort of the superior classes is promoted by the encouragement they give to charitable establishments, the object of which is to raise a generation of industrious, loyal, and serious citizens. In the conclusion, the Bishop strongly enforced the necessity of supporting those schools, which are conducted strictly on the principle of conformity to the established Church; and he censured with plain but temperate feeling, the danger and inconsistency of patronizing general institutions which profess to impart instruction, without respecting any particular religious system, the natural effect of which must be that they, who are so educated, will consider all churches and sects with equal indifference.

We are happy to find that an officer of the first-rate talents, who served in the East many years, is employed in arranging an immense collection of materials for the military history of that interesting country during the late wars; particularly in a detailed account of the brilliant campaigns of the late Lord LAKKE, which, under the auspicious direction of the Marquess WELLERLEY, secured the stability of the British power in India, and rounded our oriental empire in such a manner as cannot fail, with proper management, to enrich the parent state, and to extend civilization over an immense region. The gentleman employed in this important memoir is anxious for the minutest information illustrative of his object; which may be communicated through the medium of this journal, or transmitted to our publisher, until the regular prospectus shall be printed.

It gives us pleasure to learn that the translation of Virgil, by Mr. Ring, is likely to make its appearance in the ensuing season. This version is partly original and partly a judicious emendation of the productions of Dryden and Pitt. The first of these great poets has too frequently perverted the original meaning of Virgil in such a manner as to induce the suspi-

cion that he wrote from his own imagination, and on the spur of the moment, without having any regard to the Latin text: while the latter, in his excessive care to preserve harmony of numbers and neatness of expression, has so run into paraphrase as to lose sight of Virgil altogether, without substituting any thing really valuable for that which has been neglected. Yet, in many instances, it would be impossible to improve upon Dryden, or to express the sense with more classical correctness of phrase than Pitt. We are, therefore, of opinion that a conjunction of the two versions where they excel, with a more exact translation of those portions in which they have failed, must be the very best mode that could be adopted for the exhibition of Virgil in an English metrical dress: and, from what we have seen, there seems to be no doubt, that the edition of Mr. Ring will become the standard version in our language. The work is proceeding by subscription; and it meets, as it deserves, with liberal encouragement. We hope that a copious commentary will follow the version, selected from the infinite variety of critics who have exerted their ingenuity in the illustration of the Mantuan poet.

Several heads of spears, celts, and javelins, and a curious horse-shoe, were discovered on Monday last, by some labourers in a field contiguous to the supposed Roman camp between Fulbourn and Wilbraham, in Cambridgeshire. The whole are much injured by time.

Orders have gone down to Plymouth for the Resolute bell-vessel to repair to Portsmouth, in order that the state of the Royal George may be ascertained, preparatory to the removal of her hull, either together or in pieces. Her remains are estimated to be worth 56,000l. while the expense of raising them will probably be not more than one-fifth part of the money.

Saturday Mr. Moir exhibited a model of a machine before the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, for impelling a vessel against a stream, without the application of sails, oars, or steam.

The Paris papers announce a translation of a work of Lady Morgan's, under the title of *Fragmens patriotes sur l'Irlande*.

A foreign journal contains the following respecting Baron Geramb who was well known in London in 1812, where he was hotly pressed by his creditors: " Among the distinguished persons whom Divine Providence has brought to this house, (La Trappe) for their edification, we have to notice particularly Baron Geramb, formerly General Officer and Chamberlain of the Emperor of Austria. On the 13th of April he made his Abbe after a novitiate of 15 months. This model of true penitents walks in the steps of Arséne and Bernard, with a fidelity which permits to hope that he will shortly reach that goal to which those illustrious solitaries arrived, where an immortal crown awaits him."

It is stated in a German Journal, that Baron Ompteda has published at Vienna some Strictures on the pamphlet entitled *Journal d'un Voyageur Anglais*, by the Princess of Wales.

One of the French Journals states, that in certain select companies a posthumous Tragedy of Chénier's called *Tibur*, has been played with much approbation; it is said to be a sequel to *Germanicus*.

Paris, May, 9.—The inconveniences attending Madame Catalani's prolonged absence, have determined the Authorities to revoke the privilege of the Italian Opera, which had been granted to that Lady. It is thought that in consequence of this step the Italian Opera will discontinue for a time its representations after the 1st of July.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

UNIVERSITY OF PARIS.—The Lectures of the *Faculté des Lettres* have already commenced; they are, in general, very numerously attended, not only by the students of the academies, but by a certain class of literary characters, who are sufficiently well informed to know that they stand in need of instruction, and that man is never too old to learn.

A considerable number of foreigners are likewise among the audience, who take notes of the lectures, to which they listen with exemplary attention.

Messrs. Villemain, *De Lacretelle*, Lemire, *De Laplace*, and *Roué-Rochette*, are the first who have resumed their functions.

M. Villemain has already delivered two lectures on the manner of writing history. He entered into a long examination of Voltaire's *Charles XII.* and is at present discussing the merits of the *Siecle de Louis XIV.* The free and exuberant eloquence of the speaker, who always seems to be conversing with his audience; the justice of his criticism; the perfect correctness of his definitions; the enterprising nature of his digressions, which frequently appear accidental, but are always appropriate; finally, his scrupulous impartiality, and what may be termed his literary conscientiousness, have gained the affection and confidence of all his pupils.

M. *De Lacretelle*, who is at present lecturing on the Roman history, and who likewise speaks with surprising facility, does not possess, like M. Villemain, that inexhaustible variety of tone, that elegant familiarity, and easy flow of language, which seems to banish all idea of preparation. His delivery is more grave, his style more vigorous and more oratorical; but the regularity of his method does not prevent his eloquence from being equally animated, when the nature of the subject renders it necessary. He particularly excels in translating and reciting the speeches of the great personages of history. The subject of his last lecture was the establishment and destruction of the Decennvirate. He painted with the colouring of *Livy* the tyranny of *Appius Claudius*, and the tragical end of *Virginia*, and made a deep and lively impression upon his auditors.

M. *Roué-Rochette* continues his considerations on the History of the Crusades. This young professor seems to adhere closely to some of the paradoxical observations which he had summarily advanced in his introductory discourse. He seeks to develop, under the most favorable point of view, the policy of the sovereigns of Europe, who carried fire and sword to Asia, in the name of a God of peace and charity. Notwithstanding this complaisance in M. *Roué-Rochette* for opinions which a certain class of men endeavour to diffuse, in opposition to the spirit of the age, he speaks with moderation, and even with esteem, of the writers who have contributed to enlighten mankind. His manner cannot give offence to any one, and he possesses sufficient spirit and prudence to steer without danger between two rocks. He, in a great measure, follows M. *Michaud*, the author of the History of the Crusades, whose opinions he analyses, corrects, and modifies, with remarkable talent.

ERRATA IN OUR LAST.

For, "an opposition of color bordered by a bloodless face," read, "an opposition of color produced by a bloodless face."

In the account of J. M. W. Turner's picture, for, "lost soul of nature," read, "lost sight of nature."